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Rubber New Music Society The Futureheads
Laurent Garnier Kings of Convenience

April 2005

APRIL 10

Clem Snide



shivaree

TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND SCRATCH

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

APRIL 24

STSS

Sound Tribe Sector Nine



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RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

APRIL 24

STEREOPHONICS

LANGUAGE

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WITH SPECIAL GUEST
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TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU

COMMODORE BALLROOM

MAY 5

THE RAVEONNETTES

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
AUTOLUX



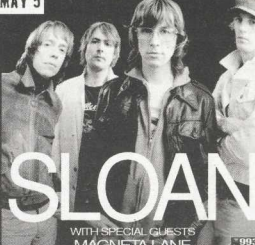
TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU AND SCRATCH

RICHARD'S ON RICHARDS

MAY 5

SLOAN

WITH SPECIAL GUESTS
MAGNETA LANE



TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU

COMMODORE BALLROOM

FRIDAY MAY 6

MANDO DIAO

WITH GUESTS



TICKETS ALSO AT ZULU

THE RED ROOM

FRIDAY MAY 6

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MAY 10

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THE RED ROOM

MAY 10

KEANE

special guest
Brendan Benson

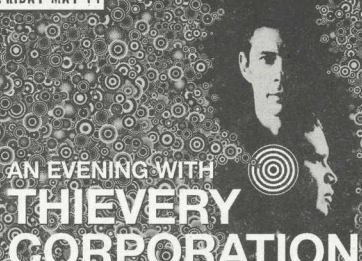


MAY 10
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MAY 25

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COMMODORE BALLROOM

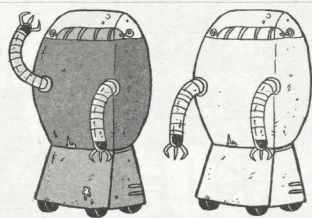
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THANKS TO TIM COOKE FOR THE DEAD BUGS.

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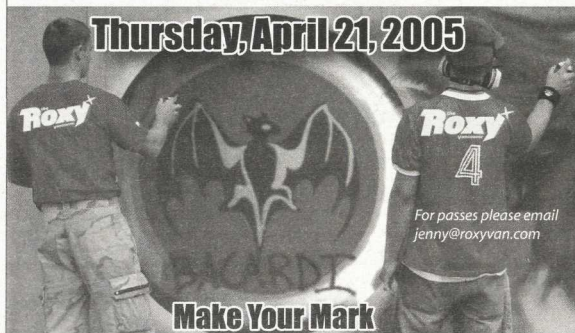
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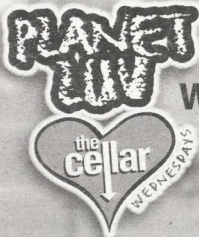
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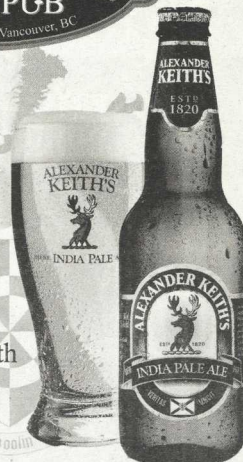
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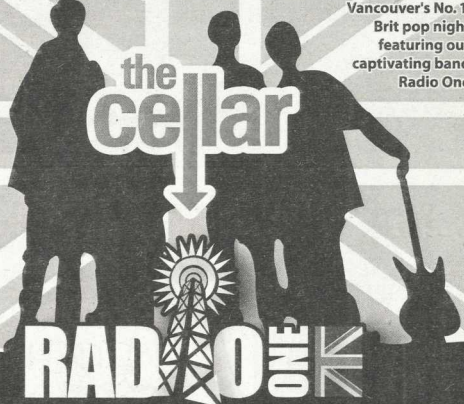
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IT'S THE SIN'S FAULT

I'm pulling a Filler Bunny. Or I would be, if I could draw right now. Twenty-three straight hours of typing have worn my hands to blood and gristle. I'm shaking like a kitten. Those of you who are familiar Jhonen Vasquez comic get the reference and know what I mean: It's starting to get light outside, the issue's going to the printer's in three hours, and Dory the despotic Production Manager has told me that if I don't write my editorial in the next fifteen minutes she's going to fire me and delete all the M.I.A. from my computer.

Dory's glaring at me now, as I pause over the keyboard, which leads me to wonder, how many words am I at? 181. Crap. This means another question: just what in the hell is wrong with me? Staring into the weak grey light of dawn, I get it. Suddenly, I realize, I know what my problem is. It's sin.

Look at this magazine. It's rife with sin. There's the typos, the snobbery, the caffeine abuse, the messy office. The never-writing-editorials until 6AM. And then there's the real stuff, the smoking pavement on that broad road to damnation. The April DISORDER burns with all seven of the mighty transgressions:

1) PRIDE: I'm swelling like I'm in anaphylactic shock just thinking about our lovely art direction this month. And I'm not even the Art Director. Those bees. The calendar. It's so brilliant. It burns. With the eternal flames of hellfire.

2) ENVY: The entire industry music journalism is based on it. Do you think that if I could play a

freakin' instrument I'd be sitting here bleeding from the wrists all over my keyboard? Heck no! Like Steve Himmelfarb says in our label profile of Permafrost Records, "I'm not an artist, though I wish I was, and I don't play in a band, because I suck." And on another note, why do you think we published Luke Meat's journal of the SXSW music conference, where he wandered around seeing awesome new band after awesome new band in a half-drunken haze? So you too could feel tingling sin of envy.

3) I think Chris A-Riffic, who wrote this month's interview with Jonathan of Jonathan Inc., and I take care of SLOTH pretty well between the two of us. For example, his interview is six months late, and I'm slothfully reverting to lists to make my editorial appear longer than it really is! Again!

4-5) What's the difference between GREED and GLUTONY anyways? Either way, I'm sure Luke Meat and Val Cormier covered them both with their gorging at the troughs of music that were SXSW and the Montreal Folk Alliance.

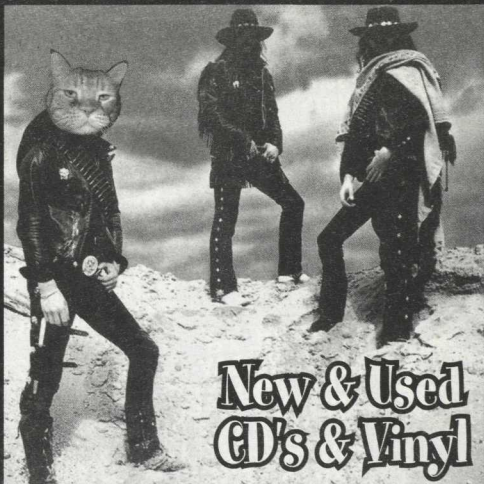
6) As for ANGER... well, I'm sure irate heads will sympathize with the frustrated local hip hop promoters in Zach Goelman's article on the Dialect Urban Forum. Or maybe I'll provoke some God-displeasing rage by forgetting someone's byline. Or by using the phrase "God-displeasing rage."

7) And if it's LUST you're looking for, flip back to Under Review, where you'll catch Robert Feldman simmering with shameful desire in his review of the new Killa album. Hey, who can blame them, man? Jesus. That's who.

I'll see you in hell, kids.

Kat

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Riff Raff

by Bryce Dunn

So in the fine tradition of pulling this column outta my ass at the eleventh hour, I realized too late that I had absolutely NOTHING to write about as far as 7" material, so just this once, I'm gonna up the ante and review LP's—SHOCK! HORROR! DIAPERS! Ok, so now that you've pooped your pants with excitement, here I go with my two bits.

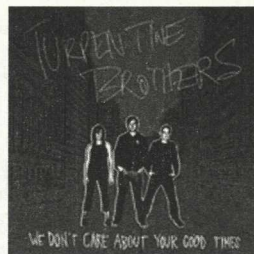
Well, if you talk to the average teenager of today, and you ask them what it is about rock and roll music that they like, the first thing they say is the beat, the beat, the beat. So along comes **The Ugly Beats!** to satisfy the young heathens and their insatiable desire for dancing and drinking and all things immoral. *Bring On The Beats!* is indeed what this Texas quintet do on their debut long-player and all be damned if it don't make my feet shimmy and shake like a man possessed. This is garage rock that puts the emphasis on melody and good songwriting. The drums are nice and crisp and the guitars gutsy—two things that immediately grabbed me; my only beef is the

keyboards could have been a bit more prominent, but I'll live. Nice versions of **The Easybeats** (nicer 'em hit the high notes with aplomb!) and **The Outiders** tunes, along with instant fuzzed-out fave "Get On The Brain" and the closing raver "I'll Close My Eyes". For those who dig cutting a mean rug, find this on... (Get Hip Records; www.gethip.com).

Contrary to their album's title, **The Turpentine Brothers** actually do care about your good times, at least mine anyway, when I recently caught them live in the picturesque town of Stanwood, Washington (I know, WTF?). Trust me, they delivered a set of moody rhythm and blues rockers that had everyone's jaws hit the floor in eerie unison and on record the interplay between guitar, drum and keys is spot on and reminds me of **The Compulsive Gamblers** at their darkest or **The Deadly Snakes** without the horns. If those comparisons mean nothing to you, then brother, you don't listen to enough rock and roll. Do yourself a favour and get this record. Did I mention



that Tara from **Mr. Airplane Man** is in this band? If you saw their performance at The Brickyard last year (I know, WTF?) then rest assured her trademark shuffle and pound is well displayed and worth the price of admission alone. Speaking of shuffle and pound, two words that I'll try not to use any further but best describe the playing style of my man **BQ**. Combining the dexterity of such legendary one man "bands" like **Hasil Adkins** and **Bob Log III**, but with the honey-laced vocal treatment of a **Buddy Holly** or a **Big Bopper**, you get a finely crafted album of blues-tinged rock and roll with trace elements of country (not the JR kind, thank God) that shows this cat has nine lives and then some. Some may remember a little band called **The Spaceshells**, who then morphed into a little band



called **Les Sexareenos**. Yes? No? Come on now, you're letting me down here. The brains behind those outfits is now the muscle behind **BQ** and the twelve songs (including a rootsy shuffle take on **The Rolling Stones** "Out Of Time") make you not want to tie Your Noose, but tie one on in the back yard among friends who want to "Shake Real Low" and bust out the "Record Machine" with the sounds of old time rock and roll blasting from the tinny speakers. Both this and the TB's LP's can be found on **Bomp Records**, (**bomprecords.com**), so strike while the iron is hot, why doncha?

We return to our regularly scheduled column next month—cross your fingers and eyes, kids.

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APRIL 6
VAN COURTLAND RANGERS
The PARALLELS
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The JOLTS

APRIL 13
TRANSMITORS
(Smugglers, New Town Animals, Emergency)
The LANCASTERS
ABBOTT STREET RACKET
(ex-Flashing Lights & Machilli)

APRIL 20
The FLAIRS
JEN MOLD SCREW
ANDRE CHRYS

APRIL 27
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NOTES FROM
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WE SAY DIE!
NERVOUS
BREAKDOWNS
QUIET NUMBERS
MEDIA CLUB

APRIL 23
SATURDAY
THEY SHOOT
HORSES
DON'T THEY?
BONTEMPI
THE ANZA

RELEASE
PARTY!

APRIL 28
THURSDAY
BEND SINISTER
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Strut Fret and Flicker

by Penelope Mulligan

Hard Rubber New Music Society
Enter/Exit
Wednesday 2 March
Vancouver East Cultural Centre

The Hard Rubber people are a fairly whacked out lot, so they'd have probably given us a sonic shockdown even if they hadn't won this year's Alcan Performing Arts Award for Music/Opera. What the hefty cash prize allowed them to do, however, was throw a party, deck the whole house, hire dancing girls and give a performance that bled way beyond both ends of the time we spent in the concert hall. Even the pathway to the venue's door was illuminated by ghostly images from hanging video screens. Inside, the decor theme continued (courtesy of DJ HoneyBee), casting its light on the crowds of mildly giddy patrons. The complimentary wine may have been a contributing factor, but something else was goosing the atmosphere as well, because from the moment I entered, it seemed like I was walking on a slant. I ran into my dentist, my date ran into his piano teacher, and we both ended up singing "Happy Birthday" to a woman we'd never met before.

Once inside the packed theatre, we felt cozy and pleasantly trapped as the 11 piece band came at us from down on the floor. A pretty, melodic overture abruptly gave way to driving, horn-shot jazz which was run over in turn by crazy, rattling percussion. From that moment on, a pressure began building

and it never let up, despite the sonic shifts provided by the varied compositions of Giorgio Manganini, Brad Turner, and Artistic Director John Korsrud. Even James Proudfoot's lighting design kept things taut, with blackouts in which darkness descended from the rafters like a sheet. I stopped expecting any kind of arc to the piece as a whole and just enjoyed the tension.

Korsrud dragged in some vibrant visual artists whose contributions were projected above the playing area. Jamie Griffiths' EEG-like patterns responded to every note of Peggy Lee's gorgeous cello improv; Rena del Pieve Gabb's silvery projections of cut fruit were like a score played by the musicians; and Brian Johnson's video footage turned dancers into amoebas.

The live dancers—Amber Funk Barton, Lina Fitzner, Katy Harris-McLeod and Jennifer McLeish-Lewis—would slink onstage every few numbers like flappers coming out to play. Martha Carter's choreography featured her signature ripples and Egyptian-frieze voguing, but also included some passages of Charleston-gone-made twitching that were the embodiment of jazz.

After the show, the audience hung around in the lobby for what felt like hours—being silly, getting a bit sozzled and generally behaving like party guests. In the end, maybe that's what Enter/Exit meant: no event is over until everyone has left the building.

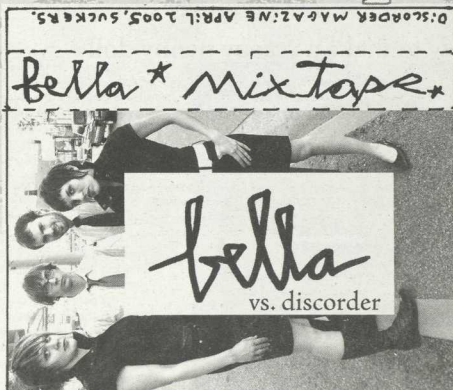
THE PLUGHOLE

Choreographer and dancer **Cori Coultfield** has a mind as wickedly articulate as her body. However much she might hypnotize you with movement, she's an ideas woman and her dance pieces often play with that duality. The last time I saw her perform solo, she was in a metallic evening dress and drag queen platform sandals, sinuously popping and locking to a spoken word track which was, incidentally, an anti-globalization rant. An earlier piece called "Party Girl" is an unforgettable physical portrayal of emotional *foxy*romantic. Get ready for warped brilliance when the local artist premieres her first full-length solo work, *Foxyromantic*, at the **Firehall Arts Centre** from April 6-10. Performances are at 8 pm Wednesday to Saturday and 2 pm Sunday. Tickets and info from 604-689-0926 or www.firehallartscentre.ca

For two-dimensional nourishment, we have the cinema and this month, the **Pacific Cinémathèque** is showing two very different accounts of tortured artsthood. The first, by local filmmaker **David Vaisbord**, documents the fall and rise of Canada's most famous art brat. Born and raised in Alberta and nurtured in Vancouver at Emily Carr Institute of Art and Design, **Allia Richard Lukacs** became known for his life-size, homoerotic depictions of neo-Nazi youth in all its skinheaded, jackbooted glory. By 1986, he had (appropriately enough) relocated to Berlin. While Vaisbord's film includes some choice archival footage—from 1985's career-boosting group exhibition "Young Romantics" to 2003's reunion Basement Show—its real focus is on the most difficult and painful period of Lukacs' career: his failure to conquer the New York art scene and his recovery from the resulting talipain. That it's not the film Vaisbord thought he'd be making when he first met the painter in 1999 is what makes **Drawing Out the Demons: A Film About the Artist Allia Richard Lukacs** both enlightening and frustrating. Expecting to shoot the closing up of Lukacs' Manhattan studio in 2001, for instance, the filmmaker ends up being drafted into helping with the move. As a result, his written synopsis and director's notes are actually way more harrowing than what we see onscreen. And why New York didn't embrace such a provocative artist is a potentially fascinating question that the documentary doesn't fully explore (although we do get a show-stopper from Village Voice editor Richard Goldstein: "New York doesn't care if you've been a success anywhere else. It wants to have discovered you.") The film's most unsettling revelation is also its most mundane. Extensive interviews with Lukacs' parents make it clear that Mommy's emotional coddling and Daddy's money have been behind him all along—right up to and including a recent crystal meth detox and artistic rebirth on Maui. While this does nothing to diminish the art, it does induce an unfortunate shrug of dismissal for the artist. **Drawing Out the Demons** screens April 15 and 16.

Unlike Vaisbord, British director **Peter Watkins** wouldn't have been hampered by his subject in **Edvard Munch**, because the titular Norwegian Expressionist died in 1944. The 1976 film is based on Munch's own diaries and dramatically recreates the artist's life at the beginning of 20th century Oslo. Munch's traumas were early—and therefore, very formative. So for an idea of what might lie behind that Scream, catch the newly restored print of **Edvard Munch** running April 22-25. Call 604-688-3456 or hit www.cinematheque.bc.ca for times.

Mix Tape



Side A!

1. Fine China - We Rock Harder than you ever Knew.
2. Starflyer 59 - Sundown
3. Doves - The Man Who Told Everything
4. Weezer - Jamie
5. Joy Electric - And We Perish Without Help
6. Transistor Sound and Lighting Co - The Blanket (Gives you Zen)
7. Elevator to Hell - Every channel
8. Dump - Everlasting Love
9. Ozma - Natalie Portman
10. Yo La Tengo - Little Eyes

Side B!

1. Trackstar - Green to Gold, There is hope just not for us
2. Imperial Teen - Butch
3. Prince - I Would Die for You
4. Hey will power - Hundredaire
5. Sugar Hill Gang - Rapper's Delight (15 min.)
6. Buffalo Daughter - Jellyfish Blues
7. Jon Mitchell - All I want
8. The American Analog Set - Punk as Fuck
9. Elbow - Switching Off
10. The Breeders - Wicked Little Town

WHO IN THE HELLA ARE BELLA? Is what I was asking myself after I heard the '80s flavored pop of their debut album, *Pretty Mess*.

Since they're local kids, we arranged an interview to soothe our burning curiosity. The Art Director and myself arrived at the Railway Club slightly weighted by the gravity of our commitment to journalistic excellence, but eager and glowing nonetheless. Bella's charm soon overwhelmed our best intentions, however, and the whole thing turned into a big ol' drunkfest. Pitcher after pitcher tossed our table as the band celebrated their album release with an unquenchable thirst more suited to purveyors of thrash metal than dreamy pop! Needless to say, my brain was in a pretty mess indeed.

1) Bella are Matt Hutchings, Cameron Fraser, Charla Benet, and Tiffany Garrett. The boys are roommates and so are the girls.

2) They are a NOT responsible for the graffiti on that wall near Richards' on Richards that reads "Bella - Pretty Mess", despite what what you may think.

3) They have gotten into trouble for people writing "Bella" on the bathroom walls at the Commodore! Friends and fans, save your scrawl!

4) Oh yeah, they made us this mixtape. Actually, they didn't "make it" so much as slur the tracklist onto my answering machine a few hours after the "interview."

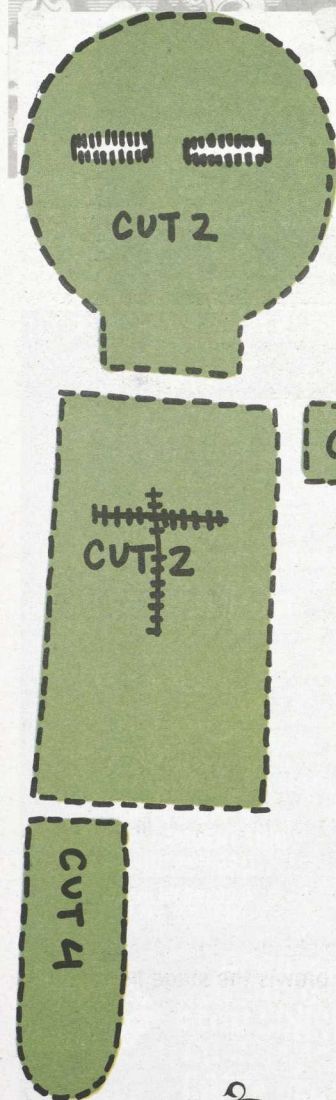
5) They're playing an all-ages gig at Seyflinn Hall in North Van on April 30, with Raging Bombs, The Winks, Immaculate Machine, and The Red Scares.

Kat Siddle

The only things I can tell you for sure are:

Seam Rippers

How to make a creepy penny doll



We present this project, designed by Gaile Addison, to introduce the upcoming Seamripper's Doll Show. The wine and cheese is Saturday April 2nd from 7-11 pm and will not be followed by a dance party; the dance party will happen on the closing date, April 23rd.

The penny doll is a simple sewing project that forces you to learn to make a button hole. It is also functional, as it puts that cache of forgotten pennies to work as a kind of macabre piggy bank where you can pluck the pennies from the eyes though the buttonholes. Gaile's secretly grim, very grim actually.

1. If you are going to use a sewing machine to make the eyeholes, use the pattern provided to cut out two of each of the head and body shapes. If you are going to make the eyeholes by hand, don't cut yet.

2. Take one of the head pieces and mark where the eyeholes should be, about 1/4 inch long. You have several options for making the buttonholes. The most obvious is to use the buttonhole setting on your sewing machine. I suggest practicing on a scrap of your fabric if you've never used it before. The setting looks like a rectangular box and should be on the stitch width lever/dial as well as the needle position lever/dial.

On this dial you will see three versions of the buttonhole box. These will be labeled 1,2,3,4, and will indicate the different sides of your buttonhole. Start on number 1 and sew along the lines marked on the face of your dial. Always lift your needle between position changes. Switch the dial to 2 and sew about four to five stitches. Lift your needle, turn to 3 and sew. This will take you forwards on a line parallel to the first line you sewed. End your hole with the 4th setting, passing the needle through the fabric four to five times. Insert your seam-ripper inside your buttonhole to open it up and then cut the slit with sharp scissors to make your buttonhole. It's easy, just practice. Now make another one along the other marking. If you don't have a buttonhole setting on your machine, you can fake it with a tight zigzag stitch.

If you want to, you can make the buttonhole eyes by hand. If you are going to do it this way, don't cut out the doll's head out until after this step. Instead, draw the outline of the head on your fabric and put in an embroidery hoop, then sew tight stitches around the eyes and slit the insides.

3. Now that you have the penny extracting eyes you can assemble the rest of the doll. Embellish at will. We opted for the plain white bald variety with an expressionless face. Cut four of each of the arms and legs by placing the pattern on a fold and cutting 2 at a time. Put them front-to-front and sew along the edges and then turn them inside out. Stuff with stuffing (cut up nylons make good filler too) making sure to leave a seam allowance for attaching the limbs to the body.

4. When assembling the body, pin the two body pieces together front-to-front with arms and legs in the appropriate places; they have to be on the inside of the body when you do this. Sew the body together leaving a gap at the top wide enough for the neck to be attached.

5. Sew the head pieces together, minus the neckline, (for hair, sew some yarn into the seam around the head) and attach the front of the neck to the front of the body. Fill with pennies from behind the neck and stitch up by hand.

6. To make this doll creepier, you can sew the neck all the way and make an incision in the chest and fill the pennies from there. After you

You Will Need:

Fabric, non stretch medium weight in any colour that suits you. Choose wisely, though, as light fabrics may show dirty fingerprints or penny dust and with thin fabrics, the pennies will show through.

Needles, thread pins etc.

Scissors

Stuffing (Polyfill, cut up nylons or shredded rags)

Pennies, 12-20 rolls or about one full spaghetti sauce jar

Sewing machine, preferably with buttonhole setting or buttonholer (probably available in some sewing stores but they are getting rare. Try your local thrift store; I saw one the other day for \$2.99.)

Embroidery hoop (perhaps)

Any **embellishments** you desire, feathers, ribbon, sequins, etc.

by Georgie Russel, and Gaile Addison of the Seam Rippers Craft Collective

sew the chest up your doll has an embalmed quality to it. Also, you can sew the arms together across the chest for a lying down doll.

Your doll is complete. You can now use it as a paperweight, doorknob, or blurt instrument. You can extract the pennies from the eyes to top up your bus fare or to put over the eyes of a dearly departed for their passage across the river Styx.

The Seamripper's doll show will feature amazing local creations as well as submissions from across Canada. If you cannot make it to the April 2nd opening then please visit us during our open hours. We are also hosting a Zine party/fundraiser on April 30th for the visiting Bookmobile. Check them out at www.mobilivore.org.

Check out our website for new open hours and events, membership info and our next workshop schedule. www.seamripper.ca





casbah!

DISCOPUNK DANCE PARTY! EVERY FRIDAY AT

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FRIDAY APRIL 1
DFA 1979 after-party with
RAKING BOMBS / PRIMES / BAKELITE
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FRIDAY APRIL 8
LOS FURIOS / BEL RIOSE / CORSAIR
/ FUN 100 + DJ JOHN COUGAR

FRIDAY APRIL 15
ALAN ASTOR (NYC) / GANGBANG
+ guests

FRIDAY APRIL 22
Save Bella the Dog fundraiser with
BELLA / IMMACULATE MACHINE + more

FRIDAY APRIL 29
Music Waste Fundraiser with CHANNELS
3:44 + guests

WITH RESIDENT **DJ JOHN COUGAR**
www.thelampighter.ca

Textually Active

The Fabulous Moolah
Lillian Ellison with Larry Platt
Regan Books

I'm not a wrestling fan. I don't know who wrestlers are, as a rule, or read ghostwritten World Wrestling Federation autobiographies. But when I saw the leopard-print cover of *The Fabulous Moolah* in the library, I figured, what the hell.

The only other time I'd seen Moolah, aka Lillian Ellison, was in the pages of *Bust* Magazine, where she and her occasional rasslin' partner Mae Young were tearin' up the ring in a fury of sequins, fsts, and wrinkly skin. She was old enough to be my grandma, tough enough to kick my ass, and made up like a drag queen. It stuck in my mind.

Born in rural South Carolina in 1926, Ellison was a scrappy kid who dreamed of being Amelia Earhart. At least, until she was ten, when her wrestling fanatic father brought her to see Mildred Burke dukin' it out in the local ring. Dead set on becoming the next women's champion, Ellison started wrestling as a teenager. This was long before professional wrestling became the deeply strange spectator sport-opera it is today. Ellison worked regional circuits across the US, making \$50 a week while learning to wrestle in the ring. She made a name for herself as "Slave Girl Moolah," a scantily-clad valet for various male wrestlers, before emerging as "The Fabulous Moolah." A steadily rising wrestling star, she kept company with all sort of characters including Jerry Lee Lewis, Hank Williams Sr. and a young Elvis Presley. She won the World Wrestling Entertainment Undisputed Women's Championship Belt in 1956, and kept it for 28 years before losing it in 1984. In 1999, when she was 77, she won the belt back again. Hey, I don't care how fake people say professional wrestling is, I'm afraid that a small argument might tell my 80 year-old grandma, to say nothing of a fight with Ivory. These days, the Fab One lives on Moolah Drive in Columbia, South Carolina, with a couple of her best female wrestling friends. I picture it like Golden Girls, but with more midgits.



Now that I've made *The Fabulous Moolah* sound all interesting, let me warn you: it's not very good. It's all bluster and surface and attitude, which is exactly what I'd expect from a skimpy, WWF-sanctioned autobiography. Moolah's life story, and the history of women's entertainment wrestling, are so interesting that I want a substantial, insightful account of them, but I feel completely unreasonable demanding it from this source. Hopefully the upcoming *Lipstick & Dynamite: The First Ladies of Wrestling*, a documentary film directed by Ruth Leitman, will have a bit more flying dropkick to it.

Kat Siddle

Ballet-Fit Workout: Develop Strength, Control, Flexibility & Grace
Paula Bald-Colt, Megan Connelly and David McAllister
Ulysses Press/Raincoast Books

Just in time to help me stretch out the kinks in my poor screwed-up spine, this book fell into my not-so-graceful paws. I think everyone would love to have the grace and lithe stance of a dancer, and the further away some of us are, the more we try, so I gave it a go.

Ballet-Fit Workout is more a series of calisthenics and yoga/pilates type moves with a lot of stretches at the end than a workout per se (at least if you're stuck in the only cardio and weights rut). Don't expect to be learning ballet so much as the specific exercises used in ballet. You don't necessarily feel you're doing anything when you go through the program, yet after a few weeks, the results creep up on you. My flexibility is rapidly coming back, my strength is increasing, and as for the grace, well, maybe some day it'll come too.

For me, the most beneficial segment of the book was the stretching section, which had lots of stretches for hard to release muscles, like the iliopsoas and biceps. There were also a few for more common tension areas like the low back, but even these were mostly new stretches I hadn't heard of before, and all helped.

All in all, *Ballet-Fit Workout* has proven itself to be a great adjunct to the Pilates, yoga, and dance I already do. Almost makes me want to take it further and make a fool of myself in a tutu in the nearest ballet class I can find. Almost.

Drake

The Art of Modern Rock
Paul Grushkin and Dennis King
Chronicle Books/Raincoast Books

My first thought upon opening this gem was a particularly eloquent "Holy crap!" as my eyes bugged out at the art. It recurred after pretty much every page turn, and then again when I started to actually read and not just look at the art.

All aspects of the wonderful art of rock poster ads are covered here: production techniques from silkscreening to Photoshop, interviews with the artists, legality issues involving limited run sales and run-ins with the merch companies, even inspiration sources. For you theme-fetishists out there, the book is organized both by artist and iconography.

The Art of Modern Rock is stunning, just stunning. Too much to digest at once, really. (I apologize if this review is too short—it's just that the right side of my brain doesn't write in verbal language and the left side that does can't come up with much better than the first two words.)

I only hope that some day my musical efforts will be advertised by such fine, visceral, art.

Drake

Eleanor Rigby
Douglas Coupland
Random House Canada

There has been something wrong with Douglas Coupland novels as of late. They have been far too full of car chases and dysfunctional family abuse and obnoxious coincidence and invented gags and odd human tricks. His themes are the same as they've been through all his work—fear of apocalypse, the



tribulations of a generation that didn't really grow up with religion, the way people relate to each other—but where the worthwhile ideas were once spoken by characters you came to enjoy in books with minimalist plot but lots of personality, they are now just folded into thickened plots that seem constructed around the things that Coupland wants to have characters think and say. Eleanor Rigby centres around a lonely West Vancouver woman (the link between her and the most musically famous of lonely women is made painfully obvious when she gives her email address as eleanorrigby@arclic.ca) and the son she put up for adoption when she was 16 who falls into her life at the same time that the comet! Halle-Bopp appears in the sky. It is a decently enjoyable read; the story moves quickly, has its clever bits, and contains enough mystery to keep the plot going. It also has enough flaws so that all through your reading you are consciously aware that it's just not a very good book. The language is a bit stilted (at one point a character refers to an "on-line web log") and the Vancouver place-name-dropping is gratuitous, almost as if Doug thinks that since he wrote *City of Glass* all his readers, all over the globe, will have an intimate understanding of what it means to stroll along Ambleside.

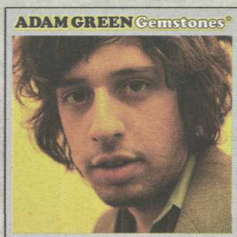
The main problem, though, is that Douglas Coupland novels just don't seem relevant anymore. A medium that Coupland used, with *Generation X* and *Microserfs*, to uniquely characterize a time or a scene or a feeling, now seems like. It feels as though Coupland is writing novels like this one, and like *All Families are Psycho*, merely because he is a novelist. At the same time, however, his other projects have been great—the alphabetical snippet-format ethnographies of Vancouver and Canada in *City of Glass* and *Source of Canada* worked really well, and the gigantic green army guys he sculpted were awesome. I'm pretty sure that Douglas Coupland still matters; he has an upcoming exhibition at the Canadian Centre for Architecture in Montreal called "Super City" in which he uses toy building kits from the sixties as a jumping off point for "looking at the urban environment as both experience and mental construct," but maybe he should stop disappointing his fans by writing novels that don't come anywhere close to the salience of his earlier work.

Dory Kornfeld



ADAM GREEN

"GEMSTONES"
In Stores Now



Vancouver - April 13, Richard's On Richard's

With a style that steps closer to the likes of Bacharach and Brel with each release, "Gemstones" combines Adam's singular songwriting vision and plaintive, almost angelic tenor with elegant melodies and playful art-pop arrangements.



The Fiery Furnaces

"E.P." In Stores Now

"...charming, accessible and studded with synth-pop fancy" - *The Toronto Star*
8.9 - Pitchfork

"Call it an EP, a CD or whatever you want - a disc this good would be cheap at any price" - *The Winnipeg Sun*



BRITISH SEA POWER

"Open Season"
In Stores April 5

GRUFF RHYS

"Yr Atal Genhedlaeth"

Solo album from Super Furry Animals front man Gruff Rhys
7.8 - Pitchfork

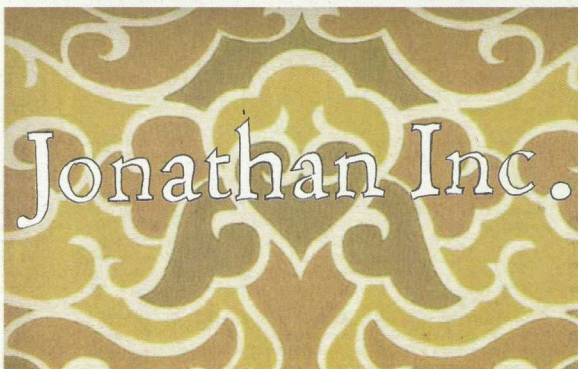


SCRITTI POLITTI

"Early"
In Stores Now

THE LIBERTINES

Pick up one of the best albums of 2004, repackaged with bonus DVD 'Boys in the Band' featuring over 90 minutes of never before seen footage!



I am the worst.

I am a lazy, do-nothing bastard that says he's going to help people out, says that, but obviously doesn't mean it. I put it off, and put it off and put it off some more. Why? Because I'm a bum and a jerk, but most importantly, I'm a bum.

Jonathan Anderson, on the other hand, is a hard working do-something singer-songwriter. He's been in Radiogram and has fronted Jonathan Inc. for years. His recording studio, Buena Vista Audio, has recorded albums for Stabla and In Medias Res. He has a lovely wife and two lovely children. I've met them. They're great!

I promised to interview Jonathan for Discorder a really long time ago. Maybe I am sabotaging his career because I envy him. Well, I'm fed up. With myself. You can read about Jonathan Inc. while I sit in a dark room, berating myself for my inaction.

Discorder: That was a great set, man

Jonathan: Thanks a lot, Chris.

What happened to Flophouse Jr.?

Jon [Wood] told me last week that they are already recording a new record...

As Flophouse Jr.?

Yes. The band was essentially a duo. It was Jon Wood and Susan, who was singing harmonies. Then she moved to England, and the band hasn't really done much. But she's going to be coming back for a bit to make another record together.

What about Radiogram? What's going on with you guys? Are you kind of in limbo right now?
I think they are hibernating.

Why?

All bears need to hibernate. We toured the two albums as much as we could. There's talk of us doing a split EP with Endearing. I wouldn't be surprised if the band rises again.

How long has Jonathan Inc. been around?

Since 1998.

Are you happy with the setup of the band? How big and strong are you guys?

There's four of us. Michelle joined, and she's been a big change to the band, providing a lot more harmonies. There's more texture now. I've played with this lineup for a year and a half and I feel we're starting to gel. The last couple of shows have been really fun.



CHRIS A RIFFIC, IS PRETTY MUCH THE NICEST MAN THAT WE, OR YOU HAVE EVER MET. HE DOES HOWEVER HAVE A WEARINESS FOR CHESSE AND CRACKERS. CHRIS, THIS IS AN INTERVIEW. TAKE A LOOK AT YOUR LIFE AND SEE HOW MUCH YOUR FRIENDS AND FAMILY CARE FOR YOU.

CHRIS. NO MORE CRACKERS. NO MORE LIES.

You said during your set that all the songs on the new album are older. Do you have a whole bunch of new songs ready for the next album? Are you already fired of the latest album?

It took us almost a year and a half to get that album all finished and out. We don't have any plans to go back in to the studio soon. We don't have any money. I'm finding that it's good to be a little ahead of the game. It's nice to have stuff ready. I always tend to be impatient. I want to take more time to send it out and do more with what we've done, rather than just put it out and move on to the next thing.

Why did this album take so long?

I moved.

To where?

Langley. Langley rocks.

Does it now?

Love it. Really good swimming pools. Yeah, I've also been recording a lot of bands in the last year, so I had to put Jonathan Inc. on the back burner for awhile.

It seems that you're pretty much living the bohemian lifestyle, man. Was that your master plan? I know you got the family now. You got the home studio. Bands are coming to you. You got some producing. Are you happy with the way things are going?

I feel pretty fortunate that I don't have to change oil or cut grass anymore.

How's the producing going?

Good. I've been producing for three years. I started producing our own stuff first. I did two albums in a studio with a friend of mine, who had a home studio. For the third album, I wanted to rent some gear and try doing it myself. But a lot of people told me they like my old four-track stuff better. I really enjoyed doing that, because it gave me some time to fool around. I started buying my own gear, because I thought it would save me money in the long run. As I started producing more of my own records, people became interested in me working on their projects.

Jonathan will be opening solo for the Weakerthans and the Constantines Friday April 29th at Richards on Richards.



Texas isn't such a bad place after y'all.

by Luke Meat.

This March, CTR music director and lovable malcontent Luke Meat ventured into the wilds of Texas for the South by Southwest music festival. This is his travel diary.

Wednesday March 16th

I arrive in Austin by Greyhound. The cabbie tells me I could sublet my room at the Super 8 for \$800 a night. I check in, all things are taken care of (thanks again, Ben!), and proceed to go see the sights. I have to pick up my badge first. On my way I hear **Bloc Party** playing an afternoon gig. I get so excited I almost drop my beer. The badge process takes two and a half hours. In that time, I make friends with my two wait-line neighbours and they invite me to a "meet and greet" at their hotel. Free food, free drinks, all that blah. After some great conversation (finding out that Robert Blake was INNOCENT!) I make my way to where all the real SXSW stuff is happenin': Sixth and Red River. All you can hear is music poundin' out of every single club; walking by, I get a good survey of what's going on just by craning my head and peering in to each successive venue. I meet up with some fellow radio nerds at the Velvet Spade and we try to figure out what to do with the evening. Eager to connect with some fellow Canadians, we all cruise on down to the **Whitley Houston** gig at The Whiskey Bar. CTR joins forces with CJSR (U of Alberta) and CJSW (U of Calgary), and we create a filial of the baddest (Canadian) asses that this burg has ever seen. Whitley, however, has a bad evening. Using borrowed equipment and a pawn-shop bass, they just don't pull it off like they usually do. Sorry guys.

We run across the street to catch **Vic Chesnut** and he regales us with tales of what it's like to be the most depressed musician on earth. At Maggie Koe's we see the last two songs of **Smooth**'s set—they're a band of 10- and 12-year-old sisters who play delightful twee pop. After that, with a spring in our step, we stumble over to 710 to catch **Drunkhorse**: sleazy, rowdy, Smilin' Jay of CJSR makes a joke about catching **Billy Idol** at Stubbs. I retort that I will only go if he plays "Eyes Without A Face." Sure enough, as we leave 710, we can hear the former Gen X punk serenading Austin with said ballad. The fates had decreed that we had to check this shit out. He rocked.

Thursday March 17th

The **Province's** Stu Derdeyn had told me about this wonderful Texan hangover cure called "8C." It's a flap of powder that you mix with water and shorp bark. It feels vaguely illicit. I later find out it is just caffeine and Aspirin, but either way it does the

trick: We go "git some bah bee cue" at the legendary Stubbs' and check out **Electric Eel Shock**. Indescribable Japanese metal. The drummer wears nothing but a cock sock. The guitarist literally fucks his flying V. The bassist—when not doing his best Lemmy impersonation—is all hairs n' horns. Fucking beautiful.

For a change of pace and genre, I check out **DJ Z Trip**, who could possibly be the best wedding DJ ever. The guy mixes **Janis Joplin** with hip hop beats. He has us all goin' until he introduces a new jam off his latest rekkid which features (no joke) the dude from **Linkin Park** on vocals. You can hear the pins dropping everywhere.

Ratatouille follows, giving us a great dose of their unique **Maldenese** electro tunes. I rip over to The Parish to catch **M. Ward**. Very fun, but afterwards, I feel the need to head out on my own to mellow out at the Strange Attractors Audio House showcase, where I am soothed by **Harlan Newman's** acoustic guitar compositions. **Park from Michigan** follows and proceeds to drone blissful psychedelic jams, only to be drowned out by **Subarachnoid Space**, who close out the night for me. Heavy shit. I'm tired.

Friday March 18th

Chunklet Magazine is possibly the best jaded-indie-fuck zine on the market right now. Henry Owings and Brian Teasley are the publishers, and lo and behold, they're in Austin. You can't miss them. They're dressed as boy scouts. The uniformed miscreants throw a humdinger of a party at the Church of the Friendly Ghost, featuring **Enon**, **Jennifer Gentle**, **Oxes**, **The American Analog Set**, and **Black Lips**. The lead singer of the Black Lips lights his dick on fire. We drink free beer named Purple Haze and it packs quite a punch.

I get a chance to ask Brian whether he thinks the magazine ever crosses the line of offensiveness. I mean, this is the guy who said he would rather fuck his own diarrhea than (and I quote) "Courtney Love's ragged-out meat tunnel." He passes this question on to Henry, who promptly asks me to step outside to fight. I'm more than ready, but Henry says straight to my face, "I gotta warn you; I fight like a Jew." Not knowing what this means but feeling that Henry has somehow answered my earlier question, I politely decline the challenge and receive a bear hug instead.

We go check out **Controller.Controller**



afterwards and to my surprise, they put on a really good show. We get wind of a party happening at an old mansion run by the North by North East people. We feel that since we're Canadian, that more or less counts as an invite. Luckily they don't disagree. We all free BBQ, drink free Moosehead (nectar of the gods after days of Bud Light), and meet lots of humans. We go back into the city, where we hear about another happening and head over to check it out. What we don't know until we've been there for a few minutes is that it is a party for porn star Britney Rears. Full of pretty creepy people, as such things tend to be. Nonetheless, we stay for a few rounds of vodka and Red Bull—the only drink they appear to be serving.

The only show I'm stoked on this night is **The Gol Team**, and I'm not missing it. What they don't tell you when you drop hundreds of dollars on a badge that will supposedly get you in to see every one of the hundreds of bands playing SXSW is that the popular shows fill up early, after which there's no chance of getting in—badge or no badge. Having learned this, and determined not to miss this show, I show up at Buffalo Billiards right when the doors open. The Gol Team aren't onstage for another three hours, but it's worth the wait. It is impossible to be in a bad mood when you hear these guys. With two drummers and a set-list full of happy cheerleading jams, they had me boogieing down. Afterward I swing by Beerland to try to catch **Guitar Wolf**, but there are about 200 people waiting to get in (see what I mean?) so I opt to pass out instead.

Saturday March 19th

Down a few 8Cs and we're ready to go. (I am

addicted to them at this point, but will worry about that later.) We check out the Yep Roc showcase on Congress Ave, a very nice neighbourhood. We also meet our first asshole, a hairy-backed wifebeater-wearing dude who finds out that we're Canadian and blames us for Mad Cow Disease, tells us he hates our country, then has the nerve to say "no offence."

After a Tex-Mex lunch we head back to Red River to catch **The Gossip** gig at the Kill Rock Stars showcase. As always, they kick ass. Smilin' Jay and I put all our eggs in one basket and decide to go to the Vice party. We have the address; however, no cable in Austin has any idea where it is. We finally find a cab driver who uses a map and gets us to our destination. The party is in the middle of nowhere, and on arrival, we are not let in. Someone (oh yeah—Vice!), had forgotten to mention that we needed a special laminate to get in. I'm pretty livid. Not only are we in the worst neighbourhood in town, we just wasted two hours getting here when we could have been seeing bands. Grr. Smilin' calms me down and springs for a cab back into town. We go to Emo's and check out **Aesop Rock**. Killer hip hop. **The Black Halos** are playing in the big room, so we stay for a couple of songs and beers. The boys represented our city very well. As did I, I hope. In between all the fun, we spread the good word about Canadian campus radio to the unwashed masses.

Thank you to CJSR and CJSW for keepin' it real and for keeping me out of trouble. See ya next year.



LUKE MEAT'S REAL NAME IS THOMAS LUCAS PIGEON, WHICH SOUNDS WAY MORE MADE-UP THAN LUKE MEAT. WHICH WE GUESSES IS PROBABLY THE POINT. ANYHOW, WHAT LUKE MEAT NEGLIGENTLY TO MENTION IS THAT ALL THROUGH SXSW HE HAD TO WEAR A PASS THAT SAID THOMAS LUCAS PIGEON. SO ALL HIS NEW FRIENDS ARE PROBABLY MAKING FUN OF HIM NOW THAT HE'S GONE. THE BUILDING ON THE LEFT IS A DRIVE-THRU LIQUOR STORE. REALLY, IT IS.

LIVE May 16 @
Croatian Cultural
Centre (all ages)

New Album
In Stores April 12



MILLENCOLIN

Kingwood



HORRORPOPS



LIVE
April 30
@ The Brickyard





Friday

Saturday

Sunday

Monday

Tuesday

Wednesday

Thursday

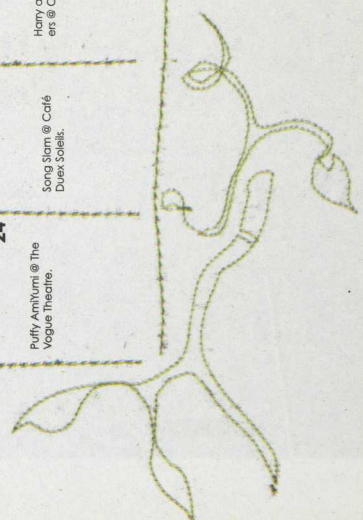
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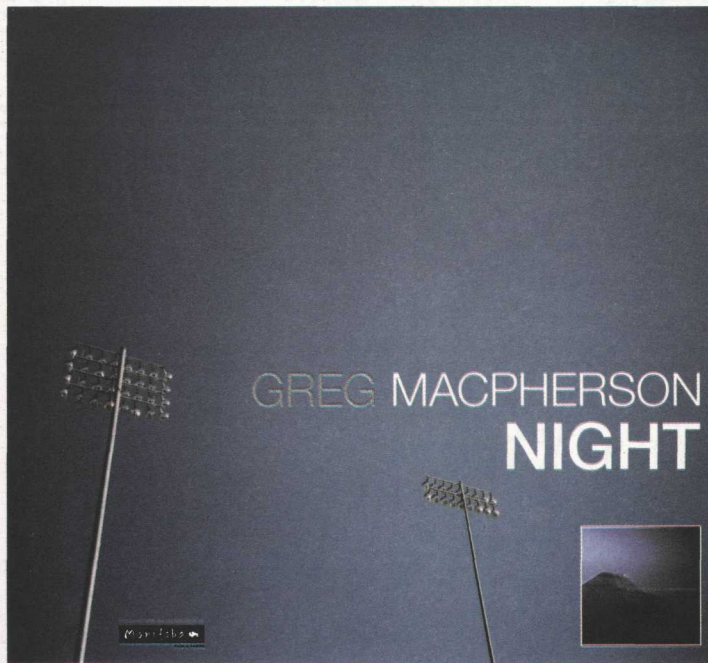
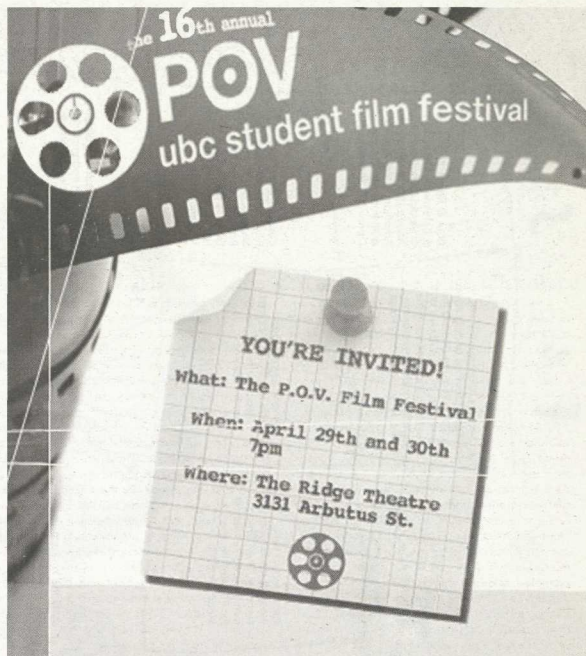
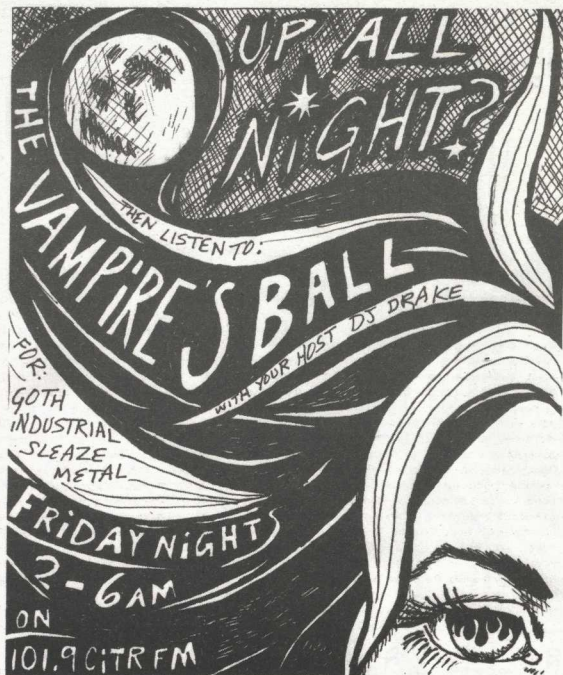
Saturday

Sunday

1 Au Securus, You Say Party, We Say Securus. The Securus Run, Chico Run, The Doan @ the Railway, Death From Above 1979 @ The Drink, Shonen Krill @ the Brickyard, Snake Handshakes, Brent, Muzo, Frequency Fall @ Media Club.	2 DOA @ Abadi, Bughouse @ The Drink, The Securus @ Media Club, Death From Above 1979 @ Mesa Luna; Ambulance Ltd, Aulolux @ Hi Pub, "Dalk" Show Opening @ Seamtippers.	3 Renee Doruyter @ the Jazz Cellar.	4 Bucks Fizz wins the twenty-sixth Eurovi- sion Song Contest Kingdom singing "Making Your Mind Up" in 1981.	5 Peachthorpe marries Biggles, John Rolfe in 1614.	6 The Soundtrack of Our Lives @ Commodore Ball- room, Flight Uniques @ Sonar.	7 Piano, Mount Eslee, Woody @ Mesa Luna, The Bumelites, Pops Cornish @ Pic Pub, The Fishers @ Media Club.	8 Jennifer Gentle, Dead Meadow @ The Brickyard; Mellisa McK, Camion Stan @ WISE Hall.	9 connect, Luv @ BLUM; Parange, The Beekeepers, Second, Octoberman @ Railway, Girl Nobody, Bon- ny, The Securus, The Hot Heat, The Futureheads @ Commodore.	10 Collapsing Opposites, They Shoot Horses Don't @ Free, John Adams and Free, Zilla @ The Railway, Zilla @ Media Club, Shvaree, Clen Shida @ Richard's @ Richard's, Camion @ Securus, Robson Square (Daytime)	11 Bird Bay Of Alabama @ Chon Centre, Hot Hat Heat, Louis XIV @ Croa- lian Cultural Center.	12 Killingflaw, the Polys, the Feminists @ Railway Club, Blue Rodeo, Matt Mays & El Torpedo @ Orpheum Theatre.	13 The Heart of Sex (sex shorts) @ Pacific Cin- emasque, Queens Of The Stone Age, Throw Tag @ Queen Elizabeth Theatre, Richard's On Richard's.	14 Signal and Noise Festival @ Video Inn (till April 17); Notes from the Underground @ Railway Club, Colin Linden @ WISE Hall.	15 57 Voices (open stage/va- riety show) @ Butchtopp; Sweetpea @ The Ironworks.	16 Hi'Seo @ Caplano College The Securus, The Spinoffs, Paper Lanterns @ Pub 340.	17 Old Stool Punx Anti The Securus, Machete White Trash @ Astrol.	18 The Wedding Present @ The Drink.	19 Gina Macpherson @ Club 340; Aio Guthrie @ Chon Centre.	20 Perpetual Motion Roadshow @ Butch- topp, "And You Will Know Us By The Trail of Dead International Music Conspiracy @ Commodore.	21 Lazzy Pop, James Jewel Eisenberg born 1947; Queen Elizabeth II born 1926.	22 The Gals, The Christa Min @ Hi Pub; The Punchline, The A Textbook Tragedy @ Media Club; Imminent, Dickore, Baseck, Sonic Death Rab- bit @ Blim.	23 Dance party and "Dalk" show closing @ Seamtippers space; Parange, Beneath Augusta, Ocean, Love @ the Don- nas, The Securus, The Don- nas, The Signs, Riff Randels @ Richard's.	24 Puffy Am'Yuni @ The Vogue Theatre.	25 Song Slam @ Cat6 Duck Soleil.	26 Harry and the Nighthaw- ks @ Collage Bar.	27 Harjo, Samme Lambert Trio @ Railway Club.	28 Bend Snister @ Anza Club.	29 The Hermit, Sekoya, CR Av- ery, Big Gold Chain, Paula Toledo @ Media Club; the Flip-flop, the Gung-Hos, the Jots @ Pub 340.	30 Bella, the Winks, The Red- eye @ Jayynn Hall, Ruff @ Securus, The Securus, Commodore, Bookmobile Zine Party @ Seamtippers.
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A mighty wind blows through Montreal

by Val Cormier

We were sitting around Schwartz's deli on our last day in Montreal, enjoying the smoked meat and catching up on events of the previous evening. Two young guys from Toronto sharing our table couldn't help but overhear our conversation and figured we were attending some sort of folk music event in the city. "Is it anything like that movie *A Mighty Wind*?" the bald guy who was into jam bands asked.

The North American Folk Music and Dance Alliance was set up close to 20 years ago by a group in the folk music industry (yes, there is one) to "foster and promote traditional, contemporary and multicultural folk music, dance and related performing arts in North America." Their main claim to fame is the annual conference, which takes place in February and has become the gathering of the folk tribes in North America. A motley crew of musicians, artist reps, record label reps, radio DJs, promoters, and fans of roots music attend—close to 2000 this year. And yes, many are from the "we lived through the 60s folk scene" demographic. I noticed a lot of reading-over-the-buffaloes à la Bob Balaban's character in *A Mighty Wind*.

This year's Annual International Folk Alliance conference (the 17th) was paired with Stictly Mundial, a presentation of the European Forum of Worldwide Music Festivals. This combination injected a much-welcomed European ambience and world music element to the proceedings. Trad and nò-so-trad Québécois music was also at the forefront. I noticed that the aging WMF (white male folkie) uniform is fairly universal: long grey hair tied back in ponytail, loose clothing to conceal paunch and sensible shoes. The Québec contingent looked similar, but smoked, drank, and leered at young women more than their counterparts.

While this character may be the prototype of the folk music conference attendee, it is not the sole character represented in the folk music scene any more. As the popularity of the Folk Alliance conferences grows, so does the contingent of under-30s. It's a symbiotic relationship: the young folks need the old folks to do the organizing and find funding while the old folks need the young folks' energy and

talent. And the old folks hope that one day the young folks will take up the torch. What is actually happening is that the young folks have helped create one of the best music parties around. Although some go through the motions of checking out exhibit booths and attending a seminar or two, it's more about the chance to make music long into the wee hours with friends, hoping that someone might stumble upon them and offer them gigs or a record deal. Outside of official showcases in hotel ballrooms, several floors of the host hotel (the Montréal Hyatt) are dedicated "music floors" where rooms and suites are converted into mini house concerts for the weekend. One can wander the halls sampling music late into the night.

Trish Klein (*Po' Girl, Be Good Tanyas*) missed this year's Folk Alliance, but explained the concept of their "Little Red Hen Room" which first appeared at Folk Alliance 2001 in Vancouver and helped the Be Goodots get a lot of live work that year. "The Little Red Hen thing was a really great collaboration in terms of artists trying to support each other, trying not to be competitive, just coming together to make something bigger than the sum of the parts. Every year we've showcased amazing talent, and we really brought a lot of people in. Our jams would basically go all day and all night. I think we made it a lot of fun for visitors as well, because we made an effort to decorate, and make the room not a hotel room, but like you were entering into another zone. You feel like you're in a freaky little club or bordello in New Orleans, and there's all these stunning women standing around, just hanging out with each other."

This year there were no candles to be seen, thanks to a suspicious fire in one of the suites last year. Efforts by Folk Alliance organizers to water down this "guerrilla showcase" element (and potential liability issues) resulted in even more officially-sanctioned music in the two levels of Hyatt meeting rooms dubbed "Performance Alley." On top of this were the usual official venue events taking place in nearby clubs such as Medley and Club Soda. The unofficial music-making in hotel suites didn't go away, it just competed with all the other music. There was a tad too much choice and too much area to cover

everything thoroughly, so I stuck mostly to the hotel happenings.

There was a fantastic mix of performers at this year's conference. There were lots of important American acts—longtime favourites like **Emmylou Harris**, whose performance I unfortunately missed, and newer groups like **The Mammals** (**Pete Seeger's** grandson is a member) who are gaining fans of all ages with a high-energy, genre-crossing roots sound that's very au courant. However, there were also a surprising amount of Canadian groups which I hadn't expected, despite the conference being held in Montréal. I got a good dose of Québecois bands like **Vent du Nord**, **Yves Lambert** (formerly of **La Bottine Souriante**) and his new band, and many of the younger bands playing in the **Flaquébec** room, handily located beside the lounge bar. But there were also groups from all across Canada, such as **D. Rangers**, **The Bills**, **The Dukhs**, **Walrin' Jennys**, and **Clumsy Lovers**, and they were inciting an impressive buzz among the American delegates. As one dude I encountered in the exhibit hall told me, "I had no idea there was so much talent up here!"

I was happy to see that young women are also increasingly making their presence known and I especially enjoyed **Elvar** (from the Faroe Islands) and **Uncle Earl** (five American gals playing bluegrass). On the Stictly Mundial side there was a good representation of women as well: **Mary Jane Lamond**, **Uhasa** and **Kiran Ahluwalia** from our country, **Dobel Gnabore** from the Ivory Coast, **Sandra Luna** from Argentina and many more.

While the whole scene seemed like a folk festival with elevators, most people were there to forge new connections and get gigs. I benefitted from the opportunity to score new material for my roots music show ("Folk Oasis," Wed. 9 pm on CITR) and hang out with other folk music DJs and musicians. After the conference, I checked in with **Mitch Cantor** owner of eclectic indie label **Gadfly Records** who I'd first met at SXSW five years ago [see **DISCORDER**, May 2000] (It was dinner with him that caused me to miss Emmylou's performance, just as dinner with him had also caused us to miss **Steve Earle's** keynote

address at SXSW. Note to self.) "Folk Alliance is always a challenge for me," he said. "There's a lot to be gotten out of it, though sometimes, due to bad planning or circumstance, it's possible to miss much of the benefit of the event. Still, as I have found with most conferences, the best things—performances seen and meetings—are the ones you come across by accident or that you wouldn't have been able to predict in advance. And that is what has kept me coming all these years."

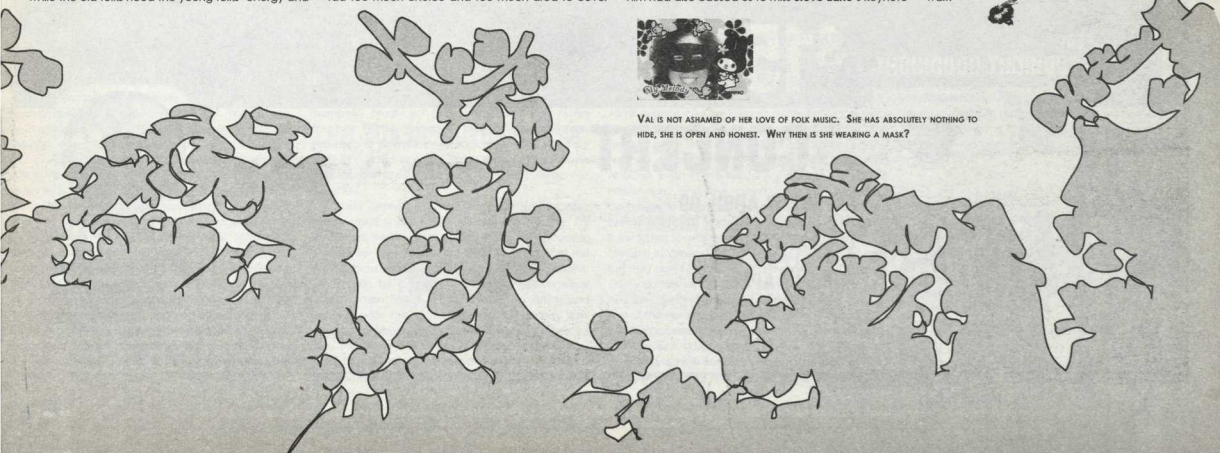
Mitch has only missed one Folk Alliance conference since 1993, so I asked if he has seen the conference change. "I haven't seen the event change dramatically since the beginning, except for the growth. But the core of what it is hasn't changed: seminar sessions, exhibitors, and a small city of performers that descends on the chosen host venue. As long as you can filter out what is unnecessary or unappealing to you as an individual, it's a good conference."

On occasion I managed to escape the vortex of the Hyatt and soak up some of Montréal's wonderful ambience. I polished up my French sufficiently so les Montréalais wouldn't laugh too hard. I indulged my inner architectural geek around Vieux-Montréal and the McGill campus. It sure is hard to turn guide book pages with gloves on. I enjoyed wonderful meals with friends at Schwartz's, **Chu Chai** (veggie Thai to die for), and some new joint in Vieux-Montréal with impressive vindaloo. We happened upon the very funky boutique/performance space **Eva B** and greatly enjoyed their special coffees, aptly named **Comfort** and **Insight**. We checked out the outdoor winter festival **Montréal En Lumière**. On s'est bien amusé.

Next year's Folk Alliance conference will be in Austin, Texas. This will likely translate into stronger emphasis on country-favoured folk, "Americana," and Tex-Mex styles. For sure it will mean leaving my parka and winter boots at home. It will certainly be interesting to watch how the older, hard-core folkies react to Austin, and vice-versa. If anything, it'll be almost as good as SXSW, but slightly less nutty. I can't wait.



VAL IS NOT ASHAMED OF HER LOVE OF FOLK MUSIC. SHE HAS ABSOLUTELY NOTHING TO HIDE, SHE IS OPEN AND HONEST. WHY THEN IS SHE WEARING A MASK?



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Dialect Urban Forum

by Zach Goelman

people are dyin'
you stand in front of me lyin'
am I supposed to believe you?
when the world around me has fallen.
bringin' me guns and machines
smile as my people they bleed
and you say it's alright now
the end justifies the means.



As in most musical genres, the independent missionaries of hip hop remain on a different wavelength than the corporate rap music heard on pop radio. While the Top 40 stations broadcast cellophane-new hit singles, underground artists have been working on promoting independent styles, but few break the surface of the indie scene. Certain Canadian cities have strong independent hip hop scenes: Halifax produced several artists who moved on to San Francisco on AntiCon records and also birthed Buck 65, a DJ/Emcee of established reputation on the independent hip hop circuit; K-O-S rose up through Toronto's organic music scene, and his sounds reflect it. The diversity of global hip hop maintains its heartbeat, ensuring that newer styles will constantly emerge. From Canada's Josh Martinez to Israel's Dag Nachash, music enthusiasts are consistently exploring new styles of expression and pushing the boundaries of hip hop art forms.

Vancouver has few live, independent hip hop events—"Monday Night Live" at the Lamplighter is one of only three examples of the city's hip hop culture. Cas, the show's host, works closely with aspiring rap artists, and while his shows celebrate local performers, they also highlight the lack of home-grown talent. Some acts, like Joy Kin and Emolanz, come from these parts, but Monday Night Live frequently features rappers from places like Halifax and Winnipeg. Vancouver is plagued by a dearth of artists and venues to promote them, and the few nightclubs that will host them often turn beyond the Lower Mainland to fill their line-ups. Cas has a casual attitude on and off stage, and he seems resigned to the struggle of creating and producing the music. Cas has his own independent record label, Camcobar Records, which has produced albums by Josh Martinez, and sales are sustaining. "Camcobar has produced seven records, each one making enough money to pay for the next, and anyone looking to make money in Vancouver's local talent, well, they're wasting their time."

The organizer of Monday Night Live, Needle Kineval, understand Vancouver's hip hop scene better than many, and his view takes into account the changes of the past few years. In the 1990s the music was in its infancy, and it quickly accelerated into a very popular form of cultural expression. But at some point, the culture changed. The artists that pioneered the art form were expressing their emotions and their backgrounds. Public Enemy raged against white America with political incisions. N.W.A. and Wu-Tang brought listeners back into Cntrl and Staten Island to display the criminality and violence prevalent in black urban communities. But by the late 1990s, hip hop had changed from being descriptive to being prescriptive. It no longer told the stories of the artists, but instead provided a framework by which its fans could present themselves. Independent artists cannot become successful by telling fans how to live their lives and what clothes to wear—we have The

Source and XXL magazines for that. Instead, artists are forced to present something new that reflects themselves and their beliefs, hoping that it will ring true with those who look beyond magazine ads for designer clothing.

Needle Kineval believes that the MP3 revolution is one of the causes of the decline of live hip hop in Vancouver. "More people could download the music that they wanted, and thus record labels only sold albums to those who were truly committed to the investment they were making in local hip hop." Monday Night Live was Cas' and Needle Kineval's remedy for the situation, even though it was put together mainly for themselves and their own interested parties. Cas describes the event as giving local artists and fans a comfortable place to express and absorb new talent. It has its regulars, but its environment is friendly and transparent. "Vancouver had a lack of live hip hop. So-called hip hop nights in Vancouver are at the clubs, where people want to hear the club tracks from the DJ booth. They just hire a DJ and a mixer to keep the beats, and people dance. Needle Kineval and I wanted to know that we had a live show, a real showcase of the stuff you won't hear on the radio, you won't hear on MuchMusic." The men and women who take the stage of the Lamplighter wouldn't necessarily be recognized as microphone specialists or turntablists. The music and art they represent is more subtle in its candor, more raw in its criticism, and stripped of vestigial vocals and lyrical excess.

The music and art seen and heard in the underground arena differs from the radio hits: many hip hop fans ("heads") complain that mainstream hip hop has been on a slow, downhill slide into a standardized formula of drum beats, bass lines and cliché choruses. For those who seek fresh hip hop, they can skip the grocery store and go straight to the tree. The roots aren't hard to locate, following an artist's career and collaborations to their origins, and discover the stages they first appeared upon. I listen to The Roots: The Roots drummer Ahmir "Questlove" Thompson produced a record called True Notes Vol. 1; a lyricist named Aceyalone appeared on that record; Aceyalone collaborated with Abstract Rude in a band called Hauku D'Elat; Abstract Rude performed at the Lamplighter; I met Jamil Kemari at that show.

Jamil Kemari, 20, had done art and graphic design throughout high school, and after he graduated, he moved from Abbotsford to Vancouver. A desire for new venues for his creative output led him down an entrepreneurial path. Fusing his graphic talents with his love of hip hop, he put together Dialect Urban Forum, a cooperative of artists and vocalists with the common goal of uniting their talents and presenting positive messages in their art form. Vancouver is flooded with local designers and artists, from jewelry to organic clothing, to art galleries and basement production studios. In this market

sector, Jamil has found a niche. He focuses on hip hop-styled apparel, aimed at outfitting the music's listeners with an image that reflects their tastes and opinions. The imagery is darkly creative, exciting, and political. One shirt by Dialect Urban Forum displays dark-suited, masked mercenaries and features lyrics penned by Aysa, a songwriter/spoken-word poet and member of the Forum. Jamil explained that the words were an attack on the rationale behind the invasion of Iraq. Dialect Urban Forum has already produced several lines of graphic art and t-shirt prints, and the minds behind the forum are working to procure opportunities and connections with various distributors in Vancouver. Obviously, the market for this type of gear is fused to the lackluster dynamic of the local hip hop scene. To compensate and correct, Jamil and his colleagues are currently working to promote themselves and other local artists beyond the realm of clothing and business.

Dialect Urban Forum, newborn though it is, has already undergone changes. It remains a clothing company, but has moved towards hip hop promotion, and may morph again into a record label. It aims to use clothing as a billboard, specifically using art to inspire "organic strength" in Vancouver's hip hop scene. Jamil has produced a variety of men's and women's shirts featuring print designs by the artists of the Forum and lyrics from the writers and emcees affiliated with the company. The shirts are printed by American Apparel, certified to be sweatshop-free. In the eyes of the Forum's founder, people should be awakened by shirts featuring fresh designs and poetic content. Dialect Urban Forum only makes a five-dollar profit off each sale. One dollar of five goes back to the artists and emcees who write the lyrics printed on the shirt. Jamil sees this as an "artistic grant," with twenty percent of the company's profits going back to artists to help them pay for their studio time and production costs.

The internet and word of mouth are the information networks that Dialect Urban Forum relies on, twin legs that will carry it into public awareness. Jamil works to raise the Forum's profile on Vancouver's streets and information highways. "Look at San Francisco," he says. "The crowd there fully got behind hip hop as an art form, and the scene produced AntiCon. Even in the Yukon, my sister moved up to Whitehorse, and the community fully supported the youth in celebrating their art and music." But breaking into hip hop art and culture in Vancouver is like trying to unscrew a bolt with your bare fingers. "People in Vancouver see hip hop, they like hip hop, but they don't buy hip hop," he explained. There are a few outlets for hip hop culture in Vancouver, and the store Dipped Urban Hooks is now carrying a few of the Forum's lines. As well, Dialect's catalogue can be accessed at www.dialecturbanforum.com.

Dialect Urban Forum wants to corner an emerging fashion trend. "Music sets trends in fashion," and Jamil predicts the new trend will be "conscious

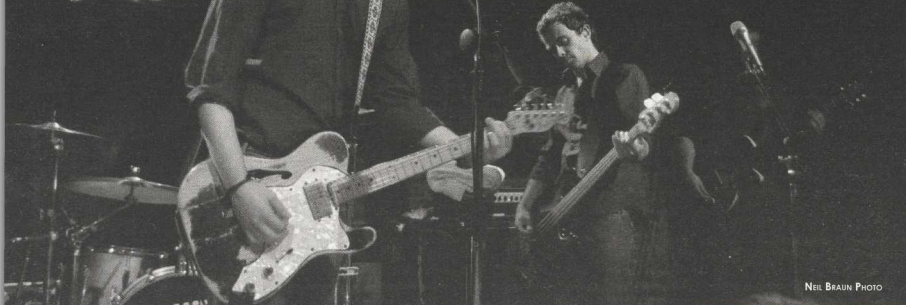
hip hop." Back in the Sixties and Seventies artists like Janis Joplin and Jimi Hendrix helped solidify the peace sign as a comprehensive symbol of a movement and a generation. "Wearing a dove's footprint on a t-shirt died shirt became both a fashion and a political statement," Jamil explains to me. He believes that hip hop is primed to take the lead in new social and political fashion, and that socially conscious hip hop is on the rise. Sean Combs' campaign to Vote or Die, warred by the glamour and gratuity typical of P-Diddy, encouraged political participation among hip hop listeners. Eminem's Mosh video/single hit the charts right around election time, and was one of the strongest attacks on the Bush administration last year by a popular musician. Perhaps, now that hip hop has passed through a generation [its stars are now fathers and mothers], the artists are thinking beyond their immediate wealth and opulence. Andre 3000, Talib Kweli, and Eminem have all entered parenthood, and Jamil thinks that they are thinking first about the country their children are growing up in. If the leadership of hip hop is leaning in a more conscious direction, and a growing number of poets and amateur turntable DJs putting their work online and making their own mixtapes, then Dialect Urban Forum has a chance at contributing to the new movement.

As hip hop culture continues to mature, it is being refreshed from the grassroots level by motivated actors like Jamil, Cas, and Needle Kineval. They weave themselves into the fabric of the culture because they love the music, and they recognize that they can't keep feeding off the industry without re-contributing. So to the gentlemen with the Sean John t-shirts: the improvisational creativity of urban artists in remaking the event calendars of their locales—that's hip hop; the capitalization of activists upon prevalent political trends through innovative problem-solving—that's hip hop; the use of art and music to overcome—that's inseparable from hip hop. It's difficult to do, and both Dialect Urban Forum's conscious ideology and Monday Night Live's local promotions may be grains of sand in the great task of tipping the scales of hip hop towards a more valuable, less disposable product, not to mention an art.

ZACH IS A FOURTH-YEAR STUDENT IN THE FACULTY OF ARTS, CURRENTLY ENROLLED IN THE INTERNATIONAL RELATIONS PROGRAM. HIS INTERESTS INCLUDE JOURNALISM, COFFEE, AND TRAVELING AT THE EXPENSE OF HIS ACADEMIC CAREER. HE CURRENTLY LIVES IN HIS PARENT'S BASEMENT. IT'S A SUIE, HE SAYS.



Real Live Action



NEIL BRAIN PHOTO

Bend Sinister
Black Rice
Foster Kare
Veritas
March 04
Astoria

Tricking to shows at the increasingly popular Main and Hastings locale has become such a disagreeable excursion for me that it has become sort of a rule avoid it whenever possible. Of course, as the old adage goes, for every rule there are exceptions. In my case, there were two: 1) the repossession of my skateboard after 3 months of separation and 2) the opportunity to check out Vancouver's newest hype, Bend Sinister. How does the repossession of and subsequent obsession with my skateboard correlate to the Bend Sinister set on March 4th? Both are more fun than a night of blow and Supertramp records, and both possess the capability to knock one onto his or her ass.

Personal hobbies and drug references aside, the members of Bend Sinister are quickly proving themselves to be the local band to watch out for. Friday night's show at the Asbtall remains in my mind as further proof of their ability to put on a unique, tight, and unquestionably enjoyable live show.

Bend Sinister is a band already awash with both energy and personality; seeing them play at ground level only served to heighten their already remarkably dynamic live performance. With the promise of a heavily produced album *Through the Broken City* within the next month or so, Bend Sinister is ensuring that what is lost production-wise at a live show is duly made up for in entertainment value.

For a band whose repertoire is not nearly fully developed, Bend Sinister is able to put together a tight set that has at once the ability to showcase their technical musicianship, while at the same time keep the crowd engaged. The sweaty Asbtall crowd had no problem responding to Bend Sinister's energizing indie prog-rock, and likewise, Bend Sinister had no problem playing off the energy of the crowd. Bass player Dave Buck ended up standing on a table on stage-right and guitarist Naben Ruthrum, in a valiant attempt to stand up on the now infamous guard rail that separates the crowd from the band, was well... knocked on his ass. Nobody skipped a beat.

At any rate, for those who came to the Asbtall to see Bend Sinister and Black Rice, rather than *Destroyer* and *Frog Eyes*, who were playing at Wise Hall the same night, left pleased. For those who missed it: it seems as though Bend Sinister is only just beginning to pick up hard-earned momentum; don't

miss them next time, even if it means missing *Destroyer* or having to wander along East Hastings of ungodly hours. These days, \$7 won't buy you much better.

Michael Barrow

The Futureheads
Shout Out Louds
High Speed Scene
March 05
Richard's On Richards

Something tells me, and correct me if I'm wrong, folks, that if you're the first band on a bill where no one knows who the hell you are, you should rely on your music and not your stage banter to sell the audience. Lines like "I've heard rumours about Vancouver... well actually I haven't, I'm just trying to be clever" don't make me want to rush out and buy your watered-down-pop-rock-sounding-like-Cheap-Trick style tunes. "We are High Speed Scene and we are desperately trying to make it in this business" is at least a little more honest.

A scruffy looking five-piece followed, and spying a banner being unfurled to my right, I saw the name of the band. I also saw a girl setting up what appeared to be (and what I later found out to actually be) a xylophone. Cool. Turns out, to everyone's surprise, they are Swedish and not from Athens, Georgia, or whatever town is hip this month, and are actually pretty good. The singer got a few "He sounds like Robert Smith fronting a sixties-pop band" comparisons from some friends watching the show. The bassist has a couple of legs up on the rest of the band in height; he was fun to watch, lumbering around the stage, his bass looking like a toothpick he could floss his pearty whites with. Along with *The Concretes*, Shout Out Louds may be part of the new Scandinavian wave ready to crash on our shores, so watch out.

Then The Futureheads, a bunch of lads from Sunderland, hit the stage and had the crowd from the first note of "Le Garage" to the last note of "Piece Of Crap." Lots of knee-jerking, head-snapping, and head-clapping to be had on this night. Who invited **Patrick Pentland** of Sloan on stage? Oh wait, that's guitarist Ross Millard, nyuck, nyuck. Any band that can divide the crowd in half each singing the different backing vocal parts to "Hounds Of Love" (yes, the *Kate Bush* song), is OK in my books. In fact any band that plays equal parts *Devo*, *The Jams*, and makes me smile is OK in my books. My pal Jeff got props three times from the band, and from now on I will only refer to him as "the little man from the record shop." The rest of the set was peppered with songs

from their debut, including the current fave "Decent Days And Nights," "A To B," "The City Is Here For You To Use," and so on, but they also paid tribute to their influences by covering *The Television Personalities* "A Picture Of Dorian Gray." Apparently anyone who missed them this time out can catch them opening for a certain "hot" band soon, but my guess is their performance won't be half as good as the one I just saw.

Bryce Dunn

Antony & the Johnsons
March 07
The Red Room

A night with Antony & the Johnsons turned out to be everything you could hope for: haunting, understated, and rapturous. The Red Room was an excellent choice of venue (certainly superior to the Media Club, where the show had previously been booked). It was intimate and elegant, though if, like me, you didn't get a seat in the pit, you probably spent most of the show looking for a place to stand where you could actually see. In person, Antony is a physically imposing figure (though far from obese, as some misanthropes have labelled him), tall and broad-shouldered with a face half wounded cherub, half smiling Buddha, framed by a feminine cascade of straight black hair. His appearance, however, striking as it is, can't compare to the otherworldly perfection of his androgynous voice.

He played all of his best songs: "The Lake," "Cripple and the Starfish," "River of Sorrow," and almost everything from *I Am A Bird Now*. Unbelievably, he sounds even better in person than on record. His seems to draw his rich, breathy vibrato from some organ between the heart, throat, and lungs that normal humans don't possess.

Antony's songs evoke an extraordinary amount of emotion, so intense as to break down barriers between pain and pleasure, memory and reality, and even accepted conventions of propriety, but he's no exhibitionist. Antony is so generous with his expressionism that the feelings in his music seem to have belonged to you all along, a profoundly personal experience that accounts for rapt response of the crowd. The silence that saturated the venue during his performance was total: it was as if everyone was holding their breath. The humming of the bar fridges was actually audible.

Antony's accompaniment was also minimal, as promised, with only Rob Moose on guitar and occasional violin, and Julia Kent (formerly of *Raspputina*) on cello, both extremely tasteful. Perhaps

the most surprising thing about the show was the diversity and devotion of the audience: people of all ages and persuasions were captivated by Antony's music. Clearly, he's come a long way from his days as an unheralded drag singer in the New York gay scene (which he claims never embraced him in the first place), and far from the transgressive spectacle you might expect from a gender-bending performer in love with Warhol's Factory and embraced by the art elite (he played at the Whitney Biennial last year). Antony's soul music is accessible to all.

Saelan Tweney

The Frames
March 10
Richard's on Richards

Ireland's best swept through Vancouver in early March as The Frames delivered an early St. Patrick's Day present at Richard's on Richards. It was too bad some of the people at the venue couldn't return the favour. For most of the night, too many people chatted loudly through the Frames' set. The situation was compounded when the band started with a couple of quieter songs from the new album, *Burn The Maps*, including "A Cauldron to the Birds."

But by about the third song, the band was able to truly showcase the energy they are known for to the hall of the crowd that was there to see them. As photographer Neil Braun said to me, "there is something about this band that sucks you into their show." They were able to mix in older favourites like "Lay Me Down" and "What Happens When The Heart Just Stops" with more up-tempo songs from the new album, like "Finally" and "Happy." However, even during the introduction to "Happy," lead singer Glen Hansard wanted to tell a story but was so annoyed with the small group of chatterers he just mumbled the title of the song.

There was a point in the set where I thought Hansard, Joe Doyle (bass/vocals), Rob Blacknik (guitar) and Simon Goode (guitar, filling in for violinist Colin MacCormack) could have easily walked off the stage because of the chatter, but sometime in the middle of the night, during a period of silence between songs, fans started yelling requests from the Frames' large back catalogue (from "Red Chord" to "New Partner"), just like they had done all night. Hansard looked at the fans and said, "I'll tell you, when we came out here at the start, we weren't feeling it. But now we are."

A great night turned into something even better at that point. The band put even more energy into entertaining the many dedicated fans of the concert playing high energy tunes like "Folk." They finished off their set and the crowd cheered for more. They came out for the encore and obliged the crowd with old favourites Frames' fans had been dying to hear: "Revelate" and "Red Chord" with a little bit of *Van Morrison*'s "Here Comes The Night." They threw in a cover of *Michael Christopher*'s "Hey Day" as well.

The Frames' showed their mastery of showmanship by ending their encore with a cover of *Daniel Johnston*'s "Devil Town." The show ended with the crowd snapping their fingers and singing about living as a vampire. That song left the crowd quiet and contented enough not to scream for another encore, which the band would have gladly played.

With MacCormack's violin missing from the line-up, I was afraid there would be something missing from the Frames' concert, but those fears were allayed about a minute into the first song and the Frames gave what one Irishman in the crowd said was one of the best concerts he had ever seen. I agree with him wholeheartedly.

Wilson Wong

Kings of Convenience
March 11
Richard's on Richards

Ever since quiet has been the new loud, things haven't been quite the same. Extroverts become introverts, and angst-ridden teenagers turned to making life-sized models of the Velvet Underground in clay. Chronicling all of this from Bergen, Norway has been



the Kings of Convenience, a duo of acoustic guitar players and singers who write sparse but somehow perfectly arranged songs. Unlike other acoustic acts out there, though, Erik Grimké Bæ and Erlend Øye have secretly associated with different musical styles (Øye being a respected DJ), and have made friends in varied places, as noted by the follow-up to their entirely acoustic debut album: a covers album, *Versus*, of other artists including the likes of *Ladytron* and *Four Tet*.

That being said, maybe it wasn't all that surprising that the Kings of Convenience were able to convince Canadian Arts & Craft star *Leslie Feist* to come and join them on the stage for a surprise appearance. What was surprising, however, was the fact that these guys actually put on a fun live show full of audience participation, sexy dancing, and decent banter (especially after hearing stories of their live show in Toronto, where one of them was sick, and repeatedly left the stage in anger because the cash registers at the bar were too noisy for him to play over).

As usual, during the most tender and intimate moments of the concert the edge of the crowd turned to conversation faster than I could say "shut up!" but the Kings of Convenience, instead of trying to fight it by direct means, were able to simply give the audience parts of their songs to sing, thus keeping the musical intimacy and also giving every listener who gave a damn an opportunity to help keep the talkers at bay. Dang, those Norwegians are a smart lot.

Soren Brothers

Youthinasia
Azimyth
March 15
Picadilly Pub

Nostalgia was the name of the game this night, as some Southern Ontario punks joined Vancouver's own Azimyth for a blast from the past extravaganza at the Picadilly. The crowd was scarce, which tends to happen to a mid-week, poorly advertised show, as hipsters fill The Cellar for some pretentious boogying, and college kids stay home playing Yahoo! Pool instead of working on their PowerPoint presentations. Nonetheless, a few handfuls of locals were treated well by the \$3 cover, the cheap pints, and some mean Canadian rock.

On their second self-funded, cross-country tour, the Bramford, Ontario foursome Youthinasia delivered a solid jam in support of their latest EP—recommended for ingenious E.T.-esque artwork and melodic punk revival sentimentality. The *Solution* is especially catchy. Short and sweet (pop) punk songs were masterfully executed with a bruising ferocity the Pic's diminutive stage definitely cursed the next day. The music was reminiscent of *NOFX*, *Green Day*, and *Lagwagon*, with singer Ryan Jarvis lapsing into *Blink 182* poppiness and brief reggae-inspired grooves, while excellent bass line bridges and tight drumming made for a set highly enjoyable to locals and tourists alike.

While Youthinasia delivered a dose of happy mayhem circa 1995, Azimyth handed out distressing, disturbing, brooding, screaming, post-grunge pop-metal that took me back a few more years, to the early nineties, when bands like *Nirvana* and *The Pixies* were dishng out their angst and noise. Surprisingly well-dressed this night, Azimyth did not 'hit' the stage; they walked on, looked around the room, nodded to each other, and commenced their set.

This is a band that does not require wild on-stage antics to be enjoyable. Their music has matured since the band's conception in early 2002, and now demands a certain dignity; while I have seen a younger singer/guitarist Corey Hawkins plummet to the stage floor in *Cobainesque* anguish, this was not the case tonight. I appreciate this band for their soft-to-heavy transitions on all fronts. Dancing cymbals explode into merciless cannonades, happy little bass riffs get dark and broody, distortion pedals add layers of noise to the guitars, and Hawkins' soft hums mutate into morbid, resonant screams...and back

again, in the span of a single song.

Not their best show tonight, but certainly sold enough to gain more fans, provided more people would get off their proverbial asses and support local music! A hair-raising time was had by all, from crunchy opener "We Won't Break" through a finale deliciously covering *CCR*'s "Fortune Son." This local trio is not to be missed, and may well be gracing larger stages in the not-too-distant future. Eat your heart out, Blasphemers! You missed a good one.

Luke Brock

Hood
Windows 78
March 23
Lamplighter

Giving an objective account of a live performance by a band that you have long held in high regard can be a challenging task. All too many fans watch a band they love put on a mediocre-at-best show and then stay up all night staring their friends in the face and emphatically explaining how seeing *Cat Power* was a pivotal musical experience for them. To be brutally honest, a lot of bands' live performances leave fans feeling like they just got a bad handjob from a best friend's younger sister: a little bit let down and a little bit embarrassed. But before talking about the slightly disappointing performance that Hood put on for the slightly disappointing number of people that came out on March 23, I have to make some room for the opening act, *Windows 78*. They were bad washed in digital delay and reverb. The lead singer started crying. I think I was crying too.

Okay, glad that's done with.

As I hinted at before, Hood has long been a favorite band of mine. Having heard that the members of Hood don't identify themselves as a "live band," I should have checked my anticipation a little bit during the week preceding the show, but all bets were off after entertaining the idea that *Dose One*, another long time favorite of mine who now resides in Vancouver, just might lay down some live vocals for the tracks he did on Hood's "Cold House." Even a B-grade performance will sur the most partial fan if their expectations haven't been properly grounded.

To be fair, Hood's performance wasn't awful, they just weren't that good. They were able to keep their set interesting and lively despite the fact that their music is regularly slow and often bleak, but their performance was irrevocably marred by some unfortunate slip-ups. This was topped off by grimace-worthy unraveling of the last song they played as guitarist/singer Chris Adams simply gave up and walked off stage. For a band that has been on tour for some time now, it was an inexcusably unprofessional finish. *Dose* proved to be a little rusty as well when he jumped in early for his verse on "Branches Bare." So much for anticipation, I guess.

But there were moments of brilliance on stage, though, and by no means was the set a total loss. It was great to hear the drum machines and broken-up sampling done well live (see "The Last You"), and the drummer, whom (though I hate to admit it) I had never paid much attention on Hood's albums, was a real treat to watch. Yet overall, despite managing to recreate their sound and atmosphere quite well and despite frequent moments of greatness onstage, their set was marred by some unfortunate slips. My impossibly high expectations weren't met and I left a little bit let down and a little bit embarrassed.

Michael Barrow

THE KILLS



THE KILLS

"No Wow" In Stores Now

"No Wow steps up to the promise of their EPs and debut LP, a boisterous reminder that kids can still hook up to songs that are little more than a guitar and attitude"

- Pitchfork 8.3 out of 10

"Live, The Kills are simply stunning. Mosshart, wreathed in smoke, prowls the stage like a caged animal, while Hince tears away at his guitar as though trying to dismantle it. The effect is so raw and personal, you feel as if you've wandered into their bedroom."

- Time Out New York



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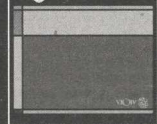
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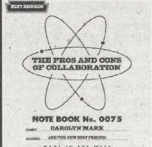
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Under Review

by the listeners



50 Foot Wave
Golden Ocean
(Throwing Music/AAD)

So whose voice is that anyway? Growly, powerful, explosive, mined from the quarry and cannon-balled through a wall of whiplash guitars. **Kristin Hersh** is guilty of wielding both. You mean Ms. Hersh of **Throwing Muses**? Oh yeah! Thank god that for her, getting older means rocking harder, and constantly putting out new records. This time, she's taken two-thirds of TM, thrown in a new drummer, turned it up to 11, made it possible for eardrums to bleed, and called it 50 Foot Wave. You get her trademark disjointed-yet-catchy songs with her equally trademarked vocals, her piercing guitar work, an ass-kicking rhythm section and her own kind of low-of-sound. This is Hersh at her loudest and angriest, heartfelt and regretful, chaotic and bitchy.

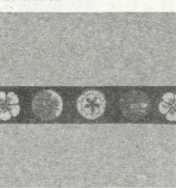
The problem is, she will always have her past to be compared to, and good as these songs are, they're not her best. They all seem to share a similar tone and flavour, making them seem more like eleven versions of the same song rather than the distinct gems she's capable of writing. Take *University*, *Throwing Muses'* masterpiece. Listen to the opening chords of "Hazing" and how they seamlessly kick into the full volume of Hersh's howl. Or the perfect pop of "Bright Yellow Gun." Or pretty much every track, each with its own distinct flavour. Going back further, check "Counting Backwards" off *The Real Ramona* (the last album with **Belly's Tanya Donelly**) for some classic Muses. Or "Delicate Cutters" from the eponymous first album (back in '86) and in 2003, Hersh got back together with her TM band-mates and put out another eponymous record, loud, heavy and really, really good. Then there's her solo work (fuck she's hot!) including *Sky Motel* from '99 that shows off her quieter, more intimate brilliance. But in the end, Kristin Hersh at her not-so-best is still better than most of the alternate-rock pretenders out there. Pick up some of the older stuff, get indoctrinated, and then see if you can resist 50 Foot Wave. I couldn't.

Mr. Moo



Airborn Audio
Good Fortune
(Ninja Tune)

If you're a fan of the **Antipop Consortium** but always had personal issues with **Beans**, Airborn Audio could be for you (as this is the other two thirds of the Consortium, **High Priest** and **M. Sayyid**, though if you've made it this far you probably already knew that, and you've already bought this album, and are just reading this review to check if I agree with you). As for those of you who simply read "Ninja Tune" at the top here, this only might be up your alley—that is, if you're one of those progressive "Tuners" who've been exploring the sounds of experimental rap. This isn't **Fog**, though—this is a couple guys rapping mostly about themselves and about how good their shit is, and then speeding that up, slowing it down, singing in falsettos about being stars, and then throwing out backwards loops. If it's lacking in any way, it's that the first half of the album feels somehow too sparse to give it a solid bite. Still, half the fun of experimental music is in coming to terms with what at first sounded like a bad idea, and the second half of *Good Fortune* alone is worth buying the album for.



Born Heller
s/l
(Locust)

This album came out almost a full year ago with nary a whisper to announce it, but some things ought not to be passed by. Born Heller's **Jason Ajemian** and **Josephine Foster** (who also fronts talented folk-rock outfit **The Supposed**) rewrite the time-worn script of backwoods Americana as a stark incantation. Less melodramatic than **Faun Fables** and more tense than **White Magic**, Born Heller inhabit their own world,

but one that seems wholly stripped of pretense or artifice. To call the arrangements sparse would be an understatement: notes are metered out like steps in the dark—there's never two when one will suffice. This approach doesn't leave an inch of space between Foster's witchy voice and your ear. And what a voice! Her high, brittle croon will stop your heart and raise the hairs on the back of your neck. Likewise, Ajemian uses his upright bass as a weapon, shimmered with dissonance, that thrums in practised tandem with Foster's harp and mandolin. This rebarbative style could classify Born Heller as hard-edged avant-gardists, but what really makes this record shine are the songs that embrace melody wholeheartedly, albeit with scarred arms; "Big Sky #4" is breathtakingly intimate, and "The Left Garden" is simply one of the loveliest little will-o-wisps you could ever hope to hear. Incidentally, this album was produced by **Paul Oldham** (of the venerated Oldham dynasty). If you've ever been a fan of his brother's music, don't miss out on this brutal, beautiful album.

Saelan Twerdy



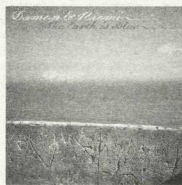
Canned Hamm
Erotic Thriller
(Boomp)

This album should be played while working out. In the '80s. While attempting to seduce someone. I can't imagine at any point in my life when this has happened to me, nor do I see this scenario in my future, but if I ever attempt to create this setup then this album is what I will pop into the stereo.

Canned Hamm is **LVI Hamm**, who has an occasionally wailing falsetto, and **Big Hamm**, who has a deep throaty voice that could possibly, if you're into large bearded men who sing anthems about divas, be described as sexy. Their album consists of dancey pumping beats and bizarre duality that you will either find hilarious or confusing. Possibly both. The majority of the album's content is either what sort of women they like, or why the two of them are sexy. '80s-style backing music is provided for the most part by Stephen Hamm, but there is a lot of local talent tossed in on various tracks. This album is quite possibly the funniest thing I've heard since

Loveage, but holds together well as a dance album.

Jardie Sparkle



Damon & Naomi
The Earth Is Blue
(Sonic Unyon)

I hate to say it, but the dream is dead. **Galaxie 500** is no more, and the art of delicate slowcore is finally starting to drift away in the hands of these stranded members. If you want to squeeze every last drop out of the scene, then this critically acclaimed album (which you may have already heard being played by the aficionados at Zulu) might be your ticket. If you're new to the scene but not really sure where to start looking, Damon & Naomi might push your buttons, but I'd check out bands like **Movielone** first, who just somehow (in my opinion) pull it off better. To its credit, *The Earth Is Blue* skillfully avoids over-production, and has strong melodies that are growing on me still. Maybe it's due to the flexible guitar work of **Michio Kurihara**, of the obscure enough to be hip Japanese band **Ghost**, or it could be the **King Crimsonesque** cover of the **Beatles'** "While My Guitar Gently Weeps," but something strange and occasionally attractive does stick out from this recording. I can't quite bring myself to call it beautiful, though, and that's where I feel it just doesn't click.

Soren Bros.



Iron and Wine
Woman King EP
Subpop

Sam Beam comes at us with another version of his blissful dreamy folk pop. This time, around there seems to be urgency in his structures. His delicate progressions are altered by a slightly faster pace and lush orchestrations. *Woman King* as an album deals with what it says:

Women, and it seems that we may have finally reached the true heart of Sam. Women are shown to be kings, lovers, fallen, virgins, life's driving force, and they are so influential that this album has not only its first electric guitar fuzz through the soft vocals, but also explicit language. It appears that sex drives Iron and Wine, to break out a little from his sleepy-core folk to a world where "fucking" is what we do. The dirty guitars mixed with a beautifully sprawling string arrangement, paints a picture, the act of sex in its beauty and its driving necessity in human nature. However, as soon as the journey reaches a point that you never thought possible from an Iron and Wine record, it is cut short. Like an amazing date would be. Let's all hope that on the full length we get asked in after the night seems to be over.

Chris Walters



Laurent Garnier
The Cloud Making Machine
(Mute Records)

Where to start? *The Cloud Making Machine* is music for the mentally unbalanced and those who like it that way. Don't listen to Laurent Garnier if you wish to stay sane and keep the world in perspective. A pervading nihilistic man/machine hybrid dominates any sense you may have of a decent society and the results of such domination are, in my opinion, cold-blooded artistic intent. If you're already not into electronic music, don't even bother trying to get this. The cover art and liner notes are the output of either someone extremely insane, or simply a crazy scientist/like **Tom Cruise** or **L. Ron Hubbard**. As well, the production sounds state yet alien (like a bad sci-fi movie), providing only surprise and unwanted incisions (it's like the aural equivalent of going to a potentially sadistic dentist). Get this; you are not actually hearing any new sounds when listening



to this record, only a sharp and acid-tongued composition by one of the world's many tricksters. However, you may just enjoy it. The release kicks it like an amateur assault, but cops out by embracing style over substance.

Arthur K

The Kills
No Wow
(Domino)

Man, this album is sexy. Sexy, dirty, and always moving, but never rushing. It's as if it was written in the midst of a motorcycle trip, late at night in a run-down motel with a carton of cigarettes and a few mickys of JD. What I like most about *The Kills* and their new album, *No Wow*, is that they can seemingly pull all this off without even trying. It's in their blood. While their drum machine keeps time and even adds to the overall feel, guitarist **Kelli**'s fuzzed-out, bluesy, at times, downright angry playing is what carries the songs and gives them their character. Lead vocalist **VV** possesses such a seductive, sultry voice, that you've got to be a eunuch not to be even a little turned on. *Hotel's* low-key backup vocals complement perfectly, keeping the songs on the ground, where they belong.

While the entire record is great, it's not until midway through, with "At the Back of the Shell," when everything really comes together. With everything from the above-mentioned guitar and vocals to the tambourine and handclaps. *The Kills* show what they are capable of. "It ain't such a thrill," sings VV, but I beg to differ.

The Kills have a strong country influence, especially apparent in songs such as "Rodeo Town" and the closing track, "Ticket Man," where VV does her best **Lucinda Williams** impression. Sure, some will complain the record is a bit samey, but I prefer to use the word consistent. This is an impressive set of songs that combine to make an album that is driving, raunchy, and yes, I'll say it one more time, sexy.

Robert Ferdinand



The Mars Volta
Frances The Mute
(Strummer/Universal)
Face it: we could see this coming. From the 8- and 12-minute tracks



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The Evaporators
 Raised By Wolves
 Friday, April 1st
 The Brickyard

GEORGE LEACH*

My Girl
 Saturday, April 2nd
 Richards On Richards

ROBERT MICHEALS*

Pacifica
 Saturday, April 2nd
 The Wise Hall

DEAD MEADOW*

Jennifer Gentle
 The Out Crowd
 Friday, April 8th
 The Brickyard

CALAMALKA

P:ano
 with guests
 Friday, April 8th
 The Anza Club

BIG JOHN BATES

The Hitchers
 The Ultravixen Peepshow
 The Stag Reels
 Saturday, April 9th
 The Brickyard

THEE SHAMS

Les Mods
 Sunday, April 17th
 The Piccadilly Pub

GREG MACPHEARSON

with guest
 Tuesday, April 19th
 Pub 340

BEDOUIIN SOUNDCLASH

with guest
 Thursday, April 21st
 The Media Club

THE GRIS GRIS

The Christa Min
 with guest
 Friday, April 22nd
 The Piccadilly Pub

DEBRIS INC.

Goatsblood
 with guest
 Friday, April 22nd
 The Brickyard

WEAKERTHANS* CONSTANTINES

with guest
 Wednesday, April 27th
 Mesa Luna

THE SADIES*

with guest
 Thursday, May 5th
 The Red Room

from 2003's *De-Loused In The Comatorium* to the marathon improvisations at live shows (jamming on "Cicatriz E.S.P." for almost 40 minutes), it was obvious that The Mars Volta were heading for their *At The Drive-In* roots into full-on prog-wank virtuoso territory. But did we expect the results to be this amazing?

With 77 minutes of music split among only 5 tracks, *Frances The Mute* can be seen as either a completely self-involved descent into pretentiousness, or a fantastic journey through an enigmatic blend of styles and moods. Omar's spastic guitar riffs form the record's most accessible parts, but the real unexpected pleasures lie in the in-between sections: John Fruscalante's solos on "L'Via L'Viaquez," Latin great Larry Harlow's piano, free-jazz saxophone parts, warbling electronic ambiances, and even a few short drum solos from Jon Theodore. The occasional inclusion of string and brass ensembles adds grandeur, or soft emotion in the denouement of "Miranda That Ghost Just Isn't Holy Anymore." As a whole, it's pretentious as hell, but it is also such an intense musical experience that it comes across as anything but boring.

The lyrics are trademark Mars Volta trippiness—"brick by brick, the night eclipsed pricked by cuticle thorns"—and flow with the music enough to enjoy while ignoring the album's concept. But they take on a whole new dimension if you try to decipher the storyline, which (from what I gather) includes snakes, pregnancy, and a body in the closet...or something. The title track "Frances The Mute," released on a separate single, is supposed to "decode" the plot—but I'm doubtful of how helpful it could be with lines like the one I quoted.

So, yeah...*Frances* is the one of the craziest trips you can have for \$10 or less, and of those trips, it's probably the most legal to boot. So crank it, and I'll see you in Latino heaven.
 Simon Foreman



**M.I.A.
 Arular
 (XL/Beggars)**
 I honestly don't know what to say.

In expressing this lack of verbiage, a friend suggested that I start this review off with "every party I've been to in the last three and a half months has played at least two tracks off this album. And I go to a lot of parties." Unfortunately, I don't go to a lot of parties, so I

wouldn't know if this was true or not. Enough about me, though, and more about Arular.

Take Jamaican dancehall, German techno, and Japanese glitch. Throw them in a blender, along with a healthy portion of so-called world music. Layer in Maya Arulpragasam, sometimes singing, sometimes rapping, on all sorts of topics from globalization and the Tamil struggle to the seemingly incomprehensible [what the hell is a Galang, anyway?]. It's a dense album, layered with both sonic textures and meanings: "Pull Up the People" has rather an obivous message, but "Sunshowers" carries multiple themes which only make sense after repeated listens. I could go on about nuance and detail and all those silly things us music geeks love to froth about, but there's no substitute for actually picking up a copy of the album. So go. You won't regret it.
 Gerald Dea



**Montag
 Alone, Not Alone
 (Carpark/ goom disques)**

Amy Milan, the wonderful voice of the Canadian indie-pop sensation *Stars*, graces us with her vocals on a few select tracks of sprawling French techno-pop. Ahhh yes—I think that is all I really have to say. However, there is much more to this beautiful album than my secret love. In fact *Alone, Not Alone* is the beginning of a new onslaught of revivalist French musique. Not as full as its contemporaries and label mates *M83*, Montag build upon layers of blips and soft but not overbearing synthesized noise. Delicate vocals lightly add to the atmosphere of a summer day spent on the French countryside with Amy Milan beside you singing you to a lulling sleep. It appears to this reviewer that everything Amy puts her hand to will turn to gold, and it is only a reassurance when Montag is placed in the CD player beside my bed.
 Chris Walters



**Jordi Rosen
 Lotus
 (Independent)**
 If you were looking for the new [insert hardcore metal band

name here), this would perhaps be the absolute worst album you could have found, but if that was the furthest thing from your mind when you decided Jordi Rosen was the thing for you then you are on the right track. Lotus is an incredibly cute album. It's not deep, it's not epic and it has no edge, but if you want to listen to about how great it is to be in love, this might be perfect. Okay, if the last album you bought was by someone who's name included the word "blood" you're probably gagging now, but if you haven't been turned off by this nauseating idea, you might be interested in the fact that this album contains an eclectic mix of instruments from accordion to junk percussion. It's sappy folk-pop, but it's done well. Jordi Rosen might be of the very specific tastes of those who appreciate sincerity and optimism, but she will certainly satisfy those people, if nothing else. *Converge* fans, today is not your day. Sorry, guys.
 Jordi Sparkle



Charts

# Artist	Title	Label
01 CANNED HAMM*	Erotic Thriller	Pro-Am
02 VANCOUGAR*	Vancouver	Independent
03 YOU SAY PARTY! WE SAY DIE!	You Say Party! We Say Die!	Bluefog
04 VALUE VILLAGE PEOPLE*	Blood Bath And Beyond	Worthy
05 DANDI WIND*	Bait The Traps	Bongo Beat
06 LCD SOUNDSYSTEM	LCD Soundsystem	DFA
07 THE CHEMICAL BROTHERS	Push The Button	Astralwerks
08 LE NOMBRE*	Scénario Catastrophe	Blow The Fuse
09 ELEVATOR*	August	Bluefrog
10 SAINT ETIENNE	Travel Edition	Sub Pop
11 DES ARK	Loose Lips Sink Ships	Bifocal Media
12 BOOM BIP	Blue Eyed In The Morning	Lex
13 HANK PINE AND LILY FAWN*	The Road To New Orleans	Labelman
14 BELLA*	Pretty Mess	Independent
15 GREAT LAKE SWIMMERS*	Bodies and Minds	Weewerk
16 JESU	Jesu	Hydra Head
17 NEW YEARS RESOLUTION*	Bullets of Love	Independent
18 THEIVERY CORPORATION	The Cosmic Game	ESL
19 BONTEMPI*	What Keeps Us Awake	Independent

20 PIERS WHYTE	Piers Whyte	Ache
21 M83	Before The Dawn Heals Us Away	Mute
22 RAISED BY WOLVES*	Raised By Wolves	Independent
23 CHOKE*	Slow Fade Or How I Learned To Question Infinity	Smallman
24 CROOKED FINGERS	Dignity And Shame	Merge
25 OUT LOUD	Let Us Never Speak Of It Again	Kranky
26 SOMETHING ABOUT VAMPIRES AND SLUTS	We Break Our Own Hearts	VMS
27 JEFF HANSON	Jeff Hanson	Kill Rock Stars
28 PONY UPI*	Pony Up!	Dim Mak
29 BLOC PARTY	Tulips	Dim Mak
30 THE BLUE VAN	The Art Of Rolling	TVT
31 IRON AND WINE	Woman King	Sub Pop
32 DOVES	Some Cities	Astralwerks
33 P. MILES BRYSON	Megalomaniacs Decorator's Quarterly	Illegal Art
34 BLACK MOUNTAIN	Black Mountain	Scratch
35 MONTAG	Alone, Not Alone	Goom
# Artist	Title	Label

finding joy

by Luke Ramsey mebeme.com



Program Guide

LISTEN TO CTR AT 101.9 FM OR
ONLINE AT WWW.CITR.CA

For CITR 101.9FM

SUNDAY

ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC

9:00AM-12:00PM

All of time is measured by its art. This show presents the most recent new music from around the world. Bars open.

THE ROCKERS SHOW

12:00PM-3:00PM

Reggae inna all styles and fashion.

BLOOD ON THE SADDLE cll.

3:00PM-5:00PM

Real cowshit-caught-in-her-boots country.

AFROBEAT

3:00PM-5:00PM

In two hours, I take the listener for a spin—musically—around the world; my passion is African music and music from the Diaspora.

Afrobeat is where you can catch up on the latest in the "World Music" scene and reminisce on the classic collections. Don't miss it.

<uget.afrobeat@yahoo.com>

CHIPS WITH EVERYTHING cll.

5:00PM-6:00PM

British pop music from all decades.

SAINT TROPEZ cll.

5:00PM-6:00PM

International pop (Japanese, French, Swedish, British, US, etc.), 60s soundtracks and lounge. Book your jet set holiday now!

QUEER FM

6:00PM-8:00PM

Dedicated to the gay, lesbian, bisexual, and transsexual communities of Vancouver. Lots of human interest features, background on current issues, and great music.

RHYTHMSINDIA

8:00PM-10:00PM

RhythmsIndia features a wide range of music from India, including popular music from Indian movies from the 1930s to the present, classical music, semi-classical music such as Ghazals and Bhajans, and also Qawwalis, pop, and regional language numbers.

TRANCEANCE

10:00PM-12:00AM

Join us in practicing the ancient art of rising above common thought and ideas as your host DJ Smiley Mike lays down the latest trance cuts to propel us into the domain of the mystic-al.

<tranceance@hotmail.com>

ELECTRONIC SPECTRUM

12:00AM-3:00AM

FILL-IN

3:00PM-6:00AM

MONDAY

FILL-IN

6:00AM-8:00AM

BREAKFAST WITH THE BOWNS

8:00AM-11:00AM

Your favourite brown-sies, James and Peter, offer a savoury blend of the familiar and exotic in a blend of oral delights!

LIONS AND TIGERS AND BEARS...

11:00AM-12:00PM

ALT. RADIO

12:00PM-1:00PM

Hosted by David B.

PARTS UNKNOWN

1:00PM-3:00PM

Underground pop for the minutes with the occasional interview with your host, Chris.

SANDBOX THEATRE

3:00PM-4:00PM

A show of radio drama orchestrated and hosted by UBC students, featuring independent works from local, national, and international theatre groups. We

solicit your involvement.

<sandboxtheatre@hotmail.com>

ABSOLUTE BEGINNERS

4:00PM-5:00PM

A chance for new CITR DJs to flex their musical muscle. Surprises galore.

THE FLIPSIDE

5:00PM-6:00PM

Join me - Dallas Brodie - for stimulating talk radio about local, national and international issues.

SON OF NITE DREAMS cll.

6:00PM-7:30PM

SOLARIZATION cll.

6:00PM-6:30PM

MY ASS cll.

6:30PM-7:30PM

Phelps, Albin, 'n' me.

WIGFLUX RADIO

7:30PM-9:00PM

Listen to Selecta Krystabelle for your reggae education.

THE JAZZ SHOW

9:00PM-12:00AM

Vancouver's longest running prime-time jazz program. Hosted by the ever-savvy, Gavin Walker. Features at 11:00, as listed.

March 7: Now! is a socially significant album from master vibraphonist Bobby Hutcherson as it is a quintet recording with tenor saxophone giant Harold Land with a difference: the quintet is augmented by a choir of female voices led by lead singer Gene McDaniels: it works beautifully!

March 14: Tonight the Jazz Show commemorates the 60th anniversary of the death of one of the twentieth century's greatest musicians ... None other than Charlie Parker. "Bird" actually died on March 12, 1955 and we present the groundbreaking alto saxophonist in two well-rounded quartet sessions with an all-star rhythm section. Timeless sounds!

March 21: Tonight the Jazz Show commemorates the 60th anniversary of the death of one of the twentieth century's greatest musicians ... None other than Charlie Parker. "Bird" actually died on March 12, 1955 and we present the groundbreaking alto saxophonist in two well-rounded quartet sessions with an all-star rhythm section. Timeless sounds!

March 28: The Chicago Sound is a rare album by a quintet of great players from the windy city. Bassist Wilbur Ware is the leader and you'll also hear alto saxophonist John Jenkins, drummer Wilbur Campbell and two Jazz masters who are still with us ... tenorist Johnny Griffin and pianist Junior Mance. Windy city jazz.

VENGEANCE IS MINE

12:00AM-3:00AM

All the best of the world of punk rock has to offer in the wee hours of the morn. Hosted by Trevor.

FILL-IN

3:00AM - 6:30AM

TUESDAY

PACIFIC PICKIN'

6:30AM-8:00AM

Bluegrass, old-time music and its derivatives with Arthur and "The Lovely Andrea" Berman.

HIGHBRED VOICES cll.

8:00AM-9:30AM

FILL-IN

8:00AM-9:30AM

THIRD TIME'S THE CHARM

9:30AM-11:30AM

Open your ears and prepare for a shock! A harmless note may make you a fan! Hear the menacing scourge that is Rock and Roll Deadlier than the most dangerous criminal

<bonismystine@hotmail.com>

LIVE HERE, WORK EVERYWHERE. cll.

11:30AM-12:00PM

CJLY - Kootenay Co-op Radio profiles 30 creative

enterprises in Nelson with markets and clients worldwide.

MORNING AFTER SHOW cll.

11:30AM-12:30PM

REEL TO REAL cll.

12:30PM-1:00PM

Movie reviews and criticism.

ENGAGING THE WORD cll.

1:00PM-2:00PM

Canadian authors, fiction writers and novelists interviewed by James O'Hearn.

BEATUP RONIN

12:00PM-2:00PM

Where deep samurai can program music.

CIRCUIT TRACING

2:00PM-3:30PM

EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE cll.

3:30PM-4:30PM

«En Avant la musique» se concentre sur le mélange des genres musicaux au sein d'une francophonie ouverte à tous les courants. This program focuses on cross-cultural music and its influence on mostly Francophone musicians.

TANSI KIYAW cll.

3:30PM-4:30PM

Tansi kiyaw? Is Michl-Cree (one of the Metis languages) for "Hello, How are you?" and is a monthly Indigenous music and spoken word show. Hosted by June Scudeler (for those who know me from other shows I'm Melis), the show will feature music and spoken word as well as events and news from Indian country and special guests. Contact me at jscudeler@ucalgary.ca with news, even listings and ideas. Megwetch!

FILL-IN

4:30PM-5:00PM

WENER'S BARBEQUE

5:00PM-6:00PM

Join the sports dept. for their coverage of the T-Birds.

FLEX YOUR HEAD

6:00PM-8:00PM

Up the punx, down the emol Keepin' it real since 1989, y. flexyourhead.vancouverhardcore.com

SALARIO MINIMO

8:00PM-10:00PM

THE LOVE DEN cll.

10:00PM-12:00AM

<loveden@hotmail.com>

ESCAPISM cll.

10:00PM-12:00AM

es+cap+ism n: escape from the reality or routine of life by absorbing the mind in entertainment or fantasy.

Host: DJ Satyrican.

<DJ.Satyrican@hotmail.com>

AURAL TENTACLES

12:00AM-6:00AM

It could be punk, ethno, global, trance, spoken word, rock, the unusual and the weird, or it could be something different. Hosted by DJ Pierre.

WEDNESDAY

FILL-IN

6:00AM-7:00AM

SUBURBAN JUNGLE

7:00AM-9:00AM

CITR NEWS AND ARTS

9:00AM-10:00AM

EXQUISITE CORPSE

10:00AM-11:30AM

Experimental, radio-art, sound collage, field recordings, etc. Recommended for the insane.

ANOIZE

11:30AM-1:00PM

Luke Mead intiles and educates through musical deconstruction. Recommended for the strong.

THE SHAKE cll.

1:00PM-2:00PM

MIRCH MASALA cll.

1:00PM-2:00PM

DEMOCRACY NOW

2:00PM-3:00PM

Independent news hosted by award-winning journalists Amy Goodman and Juan Gonzalez.

MOTORDADDY cll.

3:00PM-5:00PM

Cycle/riff rock and roll

RUMBLETONE RADIO cll.

3:00PM-5:00PM

Primitive, fuzzed-out garage mayhem!

NECESSARY VOICES

5:00PM-6:30PM

Socio-political, environmental activist news and spoken word with some music. too. www.necessaryvoices.org <necessaryvoices@telus.net>

AND SOMETIMES WHY cll.

6:30PM-8:00PM

(First Wednesday of every month.)

BLUE MONDAY cll.

6:30PM-8:00PM

Vancouver's only industrial-electronic-retro-goth program. Music to schtamp to, hosted by Coreen.

FILL-IN

8:00PM-9:00PM cll

JOICE BOX

8:00PM-9:00PM cll.

Developing your relational and individual sexual health, expressing diversity, celebrating queerness and encouraging pleasure at all stages. Sexuality educators Julia and Alix will quench your search for responsible, progressive sexuality over your life span!

www.juiceboxradio.com

FOLK OASIS

9:00PM-11:00PM

Roots music for folkies and non-folkies... bluegrass, singer-songwriters, worldbeat, alt country, and more. Not a mirage!

<folkooasis@canada.com>

HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR

11:00PM-2:00AM

This is pretty much, the best thing on radio.

FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM

2:00AM-6:00AM

THURSDAY

FILL - IN

6:00AM-8:00AM

END OF THE WORLD NEWS

8:00AM-10:00AM

SWEET AND HOT

10:00AM-11:30AM

Sweet dance music and hot jazz from the 1920s 30s and 40s.

FIERED UP

11:30AM-12:00PM

Ever told yourself "I can't even boil water, let alone cook a chicken or stir-fry vegetables!" Let Chef Marat show you the way to create easy meals prepared in the comfort of your own kitchen/becherod pad or car. OK, maybe not the car. Wouldn't want to spill anything on the upholstery.

UNPACK YOUR ADJECTIVES

12:00PM-1:00PM

WE ALL FALL DOWN

1:00PM-2:00PM

Punk rock, indie pop, and whatever else I deem worthy. Hosted by a closet nerd.

THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW

2:00PM-3:00PM

Comic comic comic. Oh yeah, and some music with Robin.

RHYMES AND REASONS

3:00PM-5:00PM

DJ Knowlone slaves over hot-multi-track to bring a fresh continuous mix of fresh every week. Made from scratch, samples and just a few drops of fame. Our tables also have plethora of guest DJs, performers, interviews, giveaways. Strong band and the occasional public service announcements.

<eno_wonk@yahoo.ca>

LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD

5:00PM-6:00PM cll.

Local Dave brings you local music of all sorts. The program most likely to play your band!

PEDAL REVOLUTIONARY art.

5:00PM-6:00PM

Viva la Velour! DJ Helmet Hair and Chainbreaker Jane give you all the bike news and views you need and even cruise around while doing it! www.bikesexual.org

NUTHOUSE RADIO THEATRE

6:00PM-7:30PM art

Music inspired by Chocolate Thunder: Robert Robot drops electro past and present, hip hop and intergalactic funkmanhip. <robotlove@yahoo.com>

NUTHOUSE RADIO THEATRE

6:00PM-7:30PM art.

All-original Canadian radio drama and performance art written and performed live-to-air by our very own team of playwrights and voice-actors. We also welcome you to get involved, whether you are a professional or inexperienced...

ON AIR WITH GREASED HAIR

7:30PM-9:00PM

The best in roots, rock 'n' roll and rhythm and blues from 1942-1962 with your snappily-attired host, Gary Olsen.

<ripitup55@telus.net>

LIVE FROM THUNDERBIRD RADIO HELL

9:00PM-1:00AM

Live From Thunderbird Radio Hell showcases local talent... LIVE! Honestly, don't even ask about the technical side of this. This month will probably be the best month ever.

WORLD HEAT

11:00PM-1:00AM

An old punk rock heart considers the oneness of all things and presents music of worlds near and far. Your host, the great Dany-Ani, seeks reassurance via <worldheat@hotmail.com>.

LAUGH TRACKS

1:00AM-2:00AM

BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT

2:00AM-6:00AM

FRIDAY

FILL-IN

6:00AM-7:00AM

PLEASE ROCK THE DOOR

7:00AM-8:00AM

CAUGHT IN THE RED

8:00AM-10:00AM

Trawling the trash heap of over 50 years' worth of real rock 'n' roll debris.

SKA-T'S SCENE-1K DRIVE!

10:00AM-12:00PM

Email requests to: <cjska_1@hotmail.com>

THESE ARE THE BREAKS

12:00PM-2:00PM

Top notch crate digger DJ Avi Shack mixes the underground hip hop, old school classics and original breaks.

RADIO ZERO

2:00PM-3:30PM

NARDWUAR THE HUMAN SERVETTE PRESENTS...

3:30PM-5:00PM

CITR NEWS, SPORTS AND ARTS

5:00PM-6:00PM

A volunteer-produced, student and community newspaper featuring news, sports and arts. Reports by people like you. "Become the Media."

THE NORTHERN WISH (formerly THE NORTHERN WISH)

6:00PM-7:30PM

Independent Canadian music from almost every genre imaginable covering the east coast to the left coast and all points in between. Yes, even Montreal! <thecanadianway@popstar.com>

AFRICAN RHYTHMS

7:30PM-9:00PM

David "Love" Jones brings you the best new and old jazz, soul, Latin, samba, bossa and African music

from around the world.

www.africanrhythmsradio.com

HOMEBASS

9:00PM-12:00AM

Hosted by DJ Noah: techno but also some trance, acid, tribal, etc. Guest DJs, interviews, retrospectives, giveaways, and more.

I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES art.

12:00AM-2:00AM

THE ANTIDOTE art.

12:00AM-2:00AM

THE VAMPIRE'S BALL

2:00AM-6:00AM

Dark, sinister music to soothe and/or move the Dragon's soul. Hosted by Drake.

<thevampiresball@yahoo.ca>

SATURDAY

FILL-IN

6:00AM-8:00PM

THE SATURDAY EDGE

8:00AM-12:00PM

Studio guests, new releases, British comedy sketches, folk music calendar and ticket giveaways.

8AM-9AM: African/World roots. 9AM-12PM: Celtic music and performances.

GENERATION ANNIHILATION

12:00PM-1:00PM

A fine mix of streetpunk and old school hardcore backed by band interviews, guest speakers, and social commentary. www.streetpunkradio.com <crashburnradio@yahoo.ca>

POWERHORD

1:00PM-3:00PM

Vancouver's only true metal show; local demo tapes, imports, and other rarities. Gerald Rattlehead, Dwaïn, and Metal Ron do the damage.

CODE BLUE

3:00PM-5:00PM

From backwoods delta low-down slide to urban harp honks, blues, and blues roots with your hosts Jim, Andy and Paul.

THE LEO RAMIREZ SHOW

5:00PM-6:00PM

The best mix of music, news, sports and commentary from around the local and international Latin American communities.

BATTLE ZONE

7:00PM-7:00PM

Each show will make you feel as though you're listening in on conversations between political insiders. As well, this music and caller-driven programs its guest from opposite ends of the corridor of public argument against one another in h-o-holds barred debate that takes you behind today's headlines.

SHADOW JUGGLERS

7:00PM-9:00PM

An exciting chow of Drum 'n' Bass with Djs Jimlunge & Bias on the ones and twos, plus guests. Listen for givaws everyday. Keep feelin da beatz.

SYNAPTIC SANDWICH

9:00PM-11:00PM

PLUTONIAN NIGHTS

11:00PM-1:00AM

Cutting-edge, progressive organ music with resident Haitch and various guest performers/DJs. Bye-bye civilisation, keep smiling blue, where's me bloody anarchist then? <http://plutonia.org>

EARWAX

1:00AM-4:30AM

"noiz terror mindfuck hardcore like punk/beatz drop dem headz rock inna junglist mashup/distort da source full force with needlz on wax/my chas runs rampant when i free da jazz..." Out.

REGGAE LINKUP

4:30AM-9:00AM

Hardcore dancehall reggae. Hosted by Sister B.

	SUNIDAY	MONIDAY	TUESIDAY	WEDNESIDAY	THURSDAY	FRIDAY	SATURIDAY	
6								6
7	REGGAE LINKUP (RG)	FILL-IN	PACIFIC PICKIN' (RT)	FILL-IN	FILL-IN	FILL-IN	FILL-IN	7
8				SUBURBAN JUNGLE (EC)		PLEASE ROCK THE DOOR (EC)		8
9		BREAKFAST WITH THE BROWNS (EC)	HIGHBRED VOICES (WO)	FILL - IN	END OF THE WORLD NEWS (EC)	CAUGHT IN THE RED (RR)	THE SATURDAY EDGE (RT)	9
10	ARE YOU SERIOUS? MUSIC (EC)		THIRD TIMES THE CHARM (RR)	CITR NEWS + ARTS (TK)	SWEET 'N' HOT (EC)			10
11		LIANS AND TIGERS AND BEARS		EXQUISITE CORPSE (EX)		SKA-T'S SCENIC DRIVE (SK)		11
12			FILL - IN		FIRE UP (TK)			12
1	ROCKERS SHOW (RG)	ALT. RADIO (PO)	MORNING AFTER SHOW (EC)	ANOIZE (NO)	UNPACK YOUR ADJECTIVES (PO/EC)		GENERATION ANNIHILATION (PU)	1
2		PARTS UNKNOWN (PO)	BEATUP RONIN (EC)	THE SHARK (FR)	WE ALL FALL DOWN (EC)	THESE ARE THE BREAKS (HH)	POWERCHORD (MT)	2
3			CIRCUIT TRACING (DC/EC)	DEMOCRACY NOW (TK)	THE ONOMATOPOEIA SHOW (TK)	RADIO ZERO (EC)		3
4	BLOOD ON THE SADDLE (RT)	AFROBEAT (WO)	EN AVANT LA MUSIQUE (FR)	RUMBLETONE RADIO (RR)	MOTORDADDY (RR)		CODE BLUE (RT)	4
5	COPS WITH EVERYTHING (PO)	SAINT TROPEZ (PO)	FILL - IN	NECESSARY VOICES (TK)	LOCAL KIDS MAKE GOOD (EC)	CITR NEWS AND ARTS (TK)	LEO RAMIREZ SHOW (WO)	5
6			WENER'S BBQ (SP)		NUTHOUSE RADIO THEATRE	THE CANADIAN WAY (EC)	RACHEL MARSLIN SHOW (TK)	6
7	QUEER FM (TK)	SON OF NITE DREAMS (FR)	FLEX YOUR HEAD (HC)	AND SOMETIMES WHY (PO/EC)	BLUE MONDAY (GI)	AFRICAN RHYTHMS (WO)	SHADOW JUGGLERS (DC)	7
8			SALARIO MINIMO (WO)	FILL-IN	JUICEBOX (TK)			8
9	RHYTHMSINDIA (WO)	WIGFLUX RADIO (RG)		FOLK OASIS (RT)	LIVE FROM... THUNDERBIRD HELL (LM)	HOMEBASS (DC)	SYNAPTIC SANDWICH (DC/EC)	9
10	TRANCENDANCE (DC)	THE JAZZ SHOW (JZ)	THE LOVE DEN (EC)	HANS KLOSS' MISERY HOUR (HK)	WORLD HEAT (WO)	I LIKE THE SCRIBBLES (EC)	PLUTONIAN NIGHTS (DC)	10
11					LAUGH TRACKS (TK)	THE ANTIDOTE (EC)		11
12	ELECTRONIC SPECTRUM (DC)	VENGEANCE IS MINE! (PU)	AURAL TENTACLES (EC)	FIRST FLOOR SOUND SYSTEM (EC)	BEATS FROM THE BASEMENT (HH)	THE VAMPIRE'S BALL (GI/MT)	EARWAX (HH/DC)	12
1								1
2								2
3								3
4	FILL-IN	FILL-IN					REGGAE LINKUP (RG)	4
5								5
6								6

DC=dance/electronic • EC=eclectic • EX=experimental • FR=French language • GI=goth/industrial • HC=hardcore • HH=hiphop • HK=Hans Kloss • JZ=jazz
LM=live music • LO=lounge • MT=metal • NO=noise • NW=Nardwar • PO=pop • PU=punk • RG=reggae • RR=rock • RT=roots • SK=ska • SP=sports • TK=talk • WO=world

THE BUDDY SYSTEM

THE DECEMBERISTS

Picaresque CD

At the time of writing this indie rock marketing campaign, all **Decemberists** fans were wading through the sad, soapy streets, their cheeks wet with tears freshly shed. The whippers in their ears bore the gloomy news bulletin: the Vancouver show was cancelled. What evil mind would stab a rock band's equipment? **Heartless**! Vile! Theft! Lame duck luckless! Gentlemen grabbed their muskets, madams grabbed their flint locks! Gentlemen grabbed their number one! began and then ended with grief, sorrow and a renewed array of equipment. And so, the band members continued to bringing the glory of their latest and greatest **Picaresque** release to a live stage for us. A lavishly cacophony of melodies and sea shanty instrumentation, this release finds our favorite literate quintet at home in opium dens, brothels and midnight graveyards, looking for their enchanted music: the spirit aesthetic. Enjoy.

CD 16.98

KEREN ANN

Nolita CD

Picking up the silk threads that retrace the detached chaise longue lineage, from the ever-enigmatic **Nico** through to the wispy chamber pop of **Francesco Hardy**, is no easy task. The pitfalls of engaging the existentialist 60s forlorn folk aesthetic are many, as are the examples of artists lying wounded by the side of the road, especially as the current milieu seems to rediscover this innocent and beautiful sonic epoch. Enter **Keren Ann**. You may remember us last year singing her praises with the release of her first North American recording, *I'm Not Going Anywhere*. Her enchanting acoustic ode had us spellbound, taking our iPods into the woods in search of serenity and a spot to make love to our loved ones (see *Yo La Tengo* write up here). Ann's next album, **Nolita**, picks up on this breath-taking beauty while offering a more developed sonic palette, including subtle flourishes of Sephardic strings. Fine music for watching fables.

CD 16.98

MICAH P. HINSON

And the Gospel of Progress CD

On the beautiful sadness, the sadness of beauty. This one will bring you away down but to show you its secret. And lord it's truth is wonderful and awesome, its emotional impact like breath. Hear the sad story of a fallen youth; Memphis, Tennessee. Love, of course, then heartbreak. Could the music be redemption? The music is uncommonly good, to be sure. Sometimes lush, other times sparse, so full of pathos and atmosphere. Every little crack, crackle and flourish fits just so, then the instrumentation and yes the singing — pure presence. Not totally out of the blue (or the darkness), there's some familiar stuff here, too: a little **Neutral Milk Hotel**, **Palace**, **Song Ohios**, **Silence**, sometimes even **Modest Mouse** and **Arcaide Fire**. Except way, way, way more mellow and sweetly sad. All this high praise but well earned. This record stands out: **Winston and the Earlies** have made some real magic, a world-weary new American Gothic. Recommended. AVAILABLE APRIL 8TH

CD 16.98

SILVER MT ZION MEMORIAL ORCHESTRA

Horses in the Sky 2LP/CD

Idleness is a hard bug, a certain melancholy seems unavoidable. Also, it is a challenge to be more than a group, even if well justified. Thus, these Montreal cats try hard to be positive, even in their grimmest, most ragged and tormented melodrama. And they're right: such an ugly beast, the man, the system makes it rough. Can't blame them, cynicism can be a spiral jelly, worse, it often starts with compassion. Here's the thing, though: the hard knocks keep them focused instead of depleted. Despite it all, they turn to their instruments and songs. In other words, they turn to emotionality. Here, perhaps more than before, they want to make love, to bring love, to say love. Not just romantic love, but love in the sense of *agape*: love as a principle for life, the basis for an ethics of love. Take away the Christian subtext, or rather directly challenging the Christian subtext, counterpoised with a self-critical Judaism and a politicized humanism, both fueled by punky post-rock theories, and love seems radical again. Is this the answer? AVAILABLE APRIL 15TH

CD 14.98 2LP 18.98

SALE PRICES IN EFFECT UNTIL APRIL 30, 2005

M.I.A.

Arular CD

The music of **Maya Arulpragasam**, a twenty-seven-year-old Sri Lankan immigrant who moved to England when she was nine and now performs under the name **M.I.A.**, has been tearing up the charts in the UK since 2003 with the singles *"Galang"* and *"Sunshower"*. And now, finally, **M.I.A.**'s first proper full-length *"Arular"* (after last year's midstate collaboration with **Diplo** titled *"Pracy Punks Terrorism vol 1"*) will be available in North America. Making most of her sharp beats on the Roland MC-505 Groovebox and then adding to those demos with the help of various producers, **M.I.A.**'s strengths are her knack for writing insanely catchy dance rhythms to play off her original vocal style and her use of colourful, at times political, lyrics. "From Congo to Colombo, can't stereotype my thing yo". **M.I.A.** blasts with bombast on her single *"Sunshower"*: "Blaze to blaze, Galang-alang-alang".

CD 16.98

PREFUSE 73

Surrounded by Silence CD/LP

Returning to his better-known **Lunovox**, **Scott Herren** has pulled out all the stops and topped up everyone he knows for his most recent hip-hop meets IDM deconstruction, including celebrity guest work by **Ghostface Killer**, **LL Cool J**, **Amey Rock**, **Beats**, **Masta Killa**, **GZA**, **Claudia Deheza**, **Kazu Makino** and more. But with **Herren**, the real skill and magic are always behind the vocals. Building fantastic beats, grooves and textures from the smallest snippets of funk, soul, jazz, hip-hop and abstract sounds, **Herren** is a left-field master of the sampler, the king of quantization. Sometimes his work is so artful that it passes by unnoticed with a first listen. Spend some quality time with it, however, and a whole undulating micro-sound universe is revealed, each part completely interrelated like fantastic, **Escher**-esque clockwork. Yet **Herren** never lets the beat wear, no matter how complicated the mix, always steady with the locks, hits, stabs and beats. Just one question: what silence?

CD 16.98 LP 19.98

YO LA TENGO

Prisoners of Love: A Smattering of Scintillating Senescent Songs, 1985-2003 3CD

It's own up to a certain generational trend: babies. Let's say they're everywhere, in uncommon abundance. Now, let's look at the period of time covered by this excellent new **Yo La Tengo** compilation: 1985-2003. Hmm. Note the possible relationship. This is not coincidence, this is history: the (primarily hetero) people born a bit before and around 1985, the mid-thirties to early twenties set, have started to reproduce, plentifully. If you find your partner and yourself in this cohort, then we have six important words for you: baby's first three compact disc compilation. Indeed, this compilation is right for both rap and playtime. Most importantly, it will help your child grow up with the best musical values — now, while they're still young. With two 'greatest hits' discs and one disc of cool rarities, enrichment is ensured. Plus, when the kid's asleep and the lights are low, this collection also inspires the same old magic: baby's first brother or sister, perhaps?

3CD 26.98

HOT HOT HEAT

Elevator CD

Now calling Vancouver home, **Victoria's** biggest success story blast out of the gate with their second full-length (not including their early material) *"Elevator"* picks up where *"Make Up the Breakdown"* left off three years ago and it seems these guys have matured into the band they always promised to be, writing *insanely catchy pop hits like "Island of the Honest Man"* and *"Goodnight Goodnight"*. These singles are sure to be in heavy radio rotation, just in time for your summer soundtrack. **Elevator** is full of songs that you will not be able to stop humming. This record also marks the departure of guitarist **Dante Decare**, who plays on the album but since amicably left the band to follow his own creative muse. **Hot Hot Heat** has successfully crawled out from under the dance-punk pigeonhole, creating a solid rock n' roll record. Don't miss their energetic live show, coming to town just a few days after you get this new record in your hot hot little hands. Don't take the stairs: this elevator is on its way waaaaay up! AVAILABLE APRIL 15TH

CD 16.98

ROOTS MANUVA

Awfully Deep CD/2LP

Given it is supposedly the new **Big UK** thing, a kind of uniquely English hip-hop. Yet **Roots Manuva**, presents an alternative and perhaps more thoroughgoing expression of contemporary, postcolonial English life. Not bound by genre, his hip-hop is anything but univocal, bristled with trendy. Although his take is fundamentally eclectic, with multiple and diverse references — sometimes dubby, other times electro, most often old-school hip-hop — his creative personality is always clear, presenting a distinctive synthesis, never a full hedgepodge. Smith also has the captivating and authoritative presence of a soul singer; he compels listeners to listen. In this way and others, **Smith** work closely resembles **Michael Franti** and **Spearhead**, who also jumps from soul to hip-hop to reggae, all without losing a solid sense of individuality. Also like **Franti** and **Spearhead**, we predict Vancouver is going to love **Smith's Awfully Deep**.

CD 16.98 2LP 24.98

BLOC PARTY

Silent Alarm CD

There is always plenty to get excited about when it comes to unique new bands with talent to burn, popping up from London's cutting edge underground. And right now, everyone's eyes are fixed squarely on South London newcomers **Bloc Party**. With a series of unbelievably strong singles released in 2004 on small, hip record labels like **Wichita** in the UK and **Dim Mak** in the US, the debut full length is finally available in North America on **Vice Recordings**. The hype surrounding this band has been massive and perhaps even well deserved considering there isn't a single weak track on the album. Aside from the dangerously danceable, rhythmic tracks like *"Banquet"* or *"Helicopter"* (being the obvious standouts), **Silent Alarm** is a memorable rock n' roll album full of surprisingly emotional moments on songs such as *"Lunar"* or *"This Modern Love"*. Front man **Kele Okereke's** yelping vocals and the band's twin guitar assault provide many twists and turns amidst stunningly well-crafted, edgy pop songs, proving that **Bloc Party** aren't a one-trick pony. All hype aside, *"Silent Alarm"* may just be the best debut album released so far this year.

CD 16.98

P-ANO

Brigadono CD

Local quartet **P-ANO** have long been favourites of Zulu staff and outdoorers alike. **Brigadono** is the band's third CD and its first for **Mint Records**. Of course, the album has superlative tunes, diverse arrangements and inspired production aplenty. Nevertheless, **P-ANO's** new material marks a significant departure from the work these youngsters have delighted us with in the past. Never have they sounded more like themselves — good-humoured, imaginative, mischievous, and just a little awkward. **Brigadono** is easily their most upbeat offering to date and seems bound to soundtrack many a dreamy spring afternoon spent wandering Vancouver's blossom-filled streets. Take to it with confidence and courage. AVAILABLE APRIL 15TH

CD 12.98

CASTLE PROJECT

Diaries of a Broken Heart CD

The White Wharfedale collective must have gold miner bloodlines. They've managed to sift through Vancouver's raging rivers of indie pop-rock, panning out some melodic **Beats**-esque nuggets. Enter **Castle Projects**, ex-**Spry** **Ryan Delaney**, and his four tight debut effort. Fusing baroque charm with delicate embellishments of cello, synth and bombastic bass, **Delaney** does the impossible: creating a gorgeous pop record dedicated to the break up of his marriage. Think punier than **Pedro the Lion**. Think cooler than **Coldplay**. Think absolute fucking heartbreak.

CD 14.98

CADEAUX

Physical City CD

There is a Vancouver most people never know about. There is a Vancouver, even **Vancouver Magazine** doesn't know about. Our best journalists have been sent out in London Fog trench coats to get the scoop on this unknown Vancouver, but we lost track of their rice trail somewhere around the lower eastside Dodson boozecan. Next we dispatched underground agents, recommending they get their hair cut, and then sent them to knock on the doors of Vancouver's **Physical City** — of course they've never been heard of again. And so, we turn to our pals in **Cadeaux** for a full report on Vancouver's **Physical City** — the art-dance party underground of a scene where only the toughest of punks survive. Having opened for **Q and Not U**, **El Guapo**, **The Organ** and **Powers**, this voice must now be heard.

CD 14.98

HOLD HANDS WITH MORE OF THE FINEST SOUNDS AROUND

ANGELS OF LIGHT - The Angels of Light Sing 'Other People'
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BRITISH SEA POWER - Open Season CD
NICK CAVE - B-Sides and Rarities 3CD
CRICKS ON SPEARS and **THE NOISES** - Press The Spacerock 2LP/CD
DAVE PUNK - Home After All CD
LOUIS XIV - The Best Little Secrets Are Kept CD
OUTRIDE - Let Us Never Speak of Any Again LP/CD
QUEENS OF THE STONE AGE - Lullabies to Paralyze CD (Universal)
RADIAN BRIS - The Fallen Leaf Pages CD (Merge)
VIA - PROTEST BLOWERS 10TH YEAR ANNIVERSARY 2LP/CD-DVD
REGGAE - Ego LP/CD (Jeffrey)
BECK & THE FULL EFFECT - Songs Not To Get Married To CD
DIET - Kama! CD (Rive)
CLENN SHINE - From The End Of Love CD (Spine Art)
FANTOMAS - Suspended Animation CD (Nonesuch)
FISCHERPOUNDER - Odyssey LP/CD (EMI)
JAGA JAZZIST - What We Must CD (Ninja Tune)
MAGNOLIA ELECTRIC CO. (aka SONGS: OMA) - What Comes After The Blues LP/CD (Secretly Canadian)
AKRON/FAMILY - ST CD

zulu **Flash Free** April 9-May 7
Live Music Photographs by Adam PW Smith
A collection of striking music performance photos including **Chuck D** (Public Enemy), **Jazz Coleman** (Killing Joke), **Michael Rose**, **Tricky**, vintage shots of **The Cult**, and more.



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